THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER

No. 3104.—VOL. CXIII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1898. SIXPENCE. By Post, 6½d.

Photo Charles Knight, Aldershot.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AT ALDERSHOT.

The Duke, on Saturday, October 8, held a farewell review of the troops at Aldershot, whom he has commanded since 1893.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

We must correct our little tricks in letter-writing, or the Chairman of the London School Board will undo us! There is no doubt that Lord Reay is in grim earnest, for he introduced into his address to the School Board, which is supposed to deal exclusively with matters of high policy, a young friend of his who signed a letter "Yours in haste," when he ought to have written "Yours truly." That young friend must be regretting his "haste" in deep abasement. He knows now that any confession of hurry when he is writing to the Chairman of the London School Board is disrespectful, and even illiterate. Besides, as Lord Reay says with fine irony, it takes a shorter time to write "Yours truly" than "Yours in haste." After this public exposure, the young friend will probably bethink him of classical models. If he were to sign himself "Your very faithful and obliged humble servant," that could excite no suspicion of frivolous celerity. A less severe formula is adopted, I am told, by members of the Omar Khayyám Club, who, in writing to one another, sign themselves, "Yours in O. K." This, I regret to say, always reminds me of a popular song of my youth, with the refrain, "The O. K. thing on Sunday is walking in the Zoo." After many years of research I discovered that O. K. in this sense means "Orl Korrect," a distinction which some moralists would deny to Omar Khayyám. But suppose Lord Reay's young friend were to sign a letter, "Yours in C. E.," meaning Compulsory Education, would the Chairman of the London School Board take that as a delicate compliment to his official position?

Shakspere, who pondered this matter and most others, made Hamlet sign his letter to Ophelia, "Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him." This at the end of a love-letter nowadays might suggest to a jealous mind that the writer was a too-ardent cyclist, who divided his affections between the lady and his bicycle. Still, Lord Reay's young friend, in his next epistle to his monitor, might adapt the Hamlet formula to his situation, as thus: "Yours, whilst a deep gratitude for your authority on all that pertains to mental cultivation is to him." This would be courtly, old-fashioned, and deliberate; and at the same time it would suggest with refined subtlety that the gratitude might not be permanent. For what, after all, is the lasting value of the authority which condemns "Yours in haste" as a mark of defective education, which the Board schools must repair? Imagine a class taking a lesson in the art of polite letter-writing—

Teacher. So, you see, you must never sign a letter, "Yours in haste," because it's vulgar.

First Inquisitive Child. Why?

Teacher. Don't ask silly questions! (*Aside*) Why on earth didn't Lord Reay tell us why?

Second I. C. What are we to say, then?

Teacher. "Yours truly."

Second I. C. But s'pose I ain't his truly?

Third I. C. Yes, s'pose I want to black his eye?

Teacher (*evasively*). You must not want to do anything so disgraceful.

Second I. C. (*doggedly*). But if I ain't his truly, I'll be telling a lie!

Teacher (*in despair*). Sit down, all of you. This is the most stupid class in the whole school!

Lord Reay cannot have foreseen this encounter between the ethical principle, which is often so embarrassing in the minds of the young, and the conventions of correspondence. "Yours truly," if words have any meaning, and truth does not justify the scepticism of Pontius Pilate, signifies a close attachment; but at the end of a letter this phrase stands for nothing but the most frigid symbol of bare civility. "Truly," "faithfully," "sincerely," have nothing to do with truth, faith, and sincerity, though "Yours very sincerely" may sometimes indicate the rudiments of respect or even the beginning of passion. Ethically, then, there is a good deal more to be said for "Yours in haste" than for any of these forms. It has at least a welcome air of candour. The writer makes no pretence to a sentiment he does not feel, but hints that his fidelity, being hasty, may be fugitive. Lord Reay complains that the phrase is inaccurate. It is not only much more accurate than its rivals: it is also more moral. I respect a correspondent who says he is mine "in haste" a great deal more than I respect one who pledges his sincerity with an idle scratch of the pen. Lord Reay might as well contend in the interests of accuracy that the epistolary perjuries of lovers should be used as exercises in Board schools, and small urchins be taught to subscribe themselves (with their tongues in their cheeks) "Yours till death"!

Well, Lord Reay's is not the only mature wisdom that sometimes goes astray. I take up my *Spectator*, and light upon an article on the respective advantages of youth and age in journalism. Youth has the better memory, age the surer sense, and so forth. Youth is so impressionable that it writes something very fiercely on Monday, and the exact opposite on Tuesday. Age never does that: it measures all the contingencies, and commits itself to no proposition in rash haste. Hence it is better for a journal to be directed by age and written by youth. The *Spectator* says this counsel may seem trite and obvious; but it is so easily forgotten that it needs to be enforced. One striking example of the necessity occurs to me. Only the other day the *Spectator* declared that Major Marchand must be "bundled out" of Fashoda without ceremony or delay; now it reproves the "New Jingoism" which advocates strong measures. So it is not only youth that is impressionable; age—even the hoary age of the *Spectator*—yields to impulses and then forgets them. This is rather staggering to the young impressionist who is looking about for an infallible guide. Is it possible that for one delirious hour the *Spectator* renewed its hot youth, like Faust, and then returned abruptly to age and sobriety? However the phenomenon may be explained, it carries rather a disturbing moral for those of us who are taught to believe that age is a guarantee against levity. "We are none of us infallible," said a famous Master of Trinity;—"not even the youngest." The point of that epigram seems to need a little readjustment in one of the *Spectator's* thoughtful essays.

Old and young, we are so unstable that your true philosopher falls back upon animals and even inanimate objects for instruction and entertainment. Æsop and Swift made some passable fables out of the loquacity of beasts. Thackeray prefaced "The Newcomes" with a brilliant exercise in the same vein. Mr. Kipling, in his new book, is not content with talking animals; he introduces us to the nerves of cylinders and screws, to the remarkable sensitiveness of a new locomotive. The various parts of a steamer's mechanism chatter to one another in a storm, and the reader struggles with the dialect which is spoken by machinery in an American engine-yard. Apes, tigers, elephants, crocodiles, and polo-ponies contribute characteristic speech to this singular Parliament of animated nature. It cannot be that Mr. Kipling has exhausted his observation of men and women. Is he coming to Hamlet's philosophy? "Man delights not me, nor woman neither." That would be a sorry state of things for his admiring public. Man has his faults; but he is more interesting than any conclave of brutes on the banks of the Ganges. Woman may deserve all that has been said of her by pessimists; but the world would rather listen to her than to the imaginary vernacular of boilers. Mr. Kipling has been cruising in one of her Majesty's ships, and I suppose the result will be a marvellously intricate study of a naval interior, with the expressive vocatives of all the appliances in a floating arsenal. The literary talent which can give voice to the handiwork of naval engineers is of no common order. Under Mr. Kipling's touch a scupper has a soul, and a porthole opens self-consciously to the horizon of Empire. But the human interest of fiction should predominate over the "shop" of shipbuilding, however original and ingenious.

Another novelist has patiently recorded the "shop" of a literary club, doubtless with the intention of showing that when writers foregather, their conversation is not brilliant. It must be distinctly encouraging to the average dullness of society, for it does not rise above the intellectual level of small talk at a fashionable "crush." You have seen the literary man on a crowded staircase where everybody is chattering about the heat, the opera—a thousand-and-one nothings of the moment. He smiles and looks oracular. You think, "Ah! he has just come from the club, where the talk has been of surpassing interest—that deep talk which goes to the root of things!" Alas for a fond delusion! The root of things receives no visitors at that literary club. There is a feast of prejudice and a flow of commonplace in the smoking-room. Somebody pooh-poohs Ibsen; somebody else can see nothing in Zola; a third oracle remarks that Balzac was a genius. If Charles Lamb were present, he would want to feel the bumps of half the company, and send the other half away with more bumps than they brought there. All these men may write like angels, but they talk like poor Poll; and while I admire the uncompromising sincerity of the comrade in letters who shows them up (for all the world as if they were Grins masquerading as de Rougemonts), I deplore the effect this exposure may have upon a public which has hitherto believed that a literary club is a perpetual fountain of wit and wisdom.

Well, some people believe in a fountain of claret. There is an extraordinary vintage of clarets this year, large enough to supply the whole population of the United Kingdom with a bottle a head. I learn from a leading article that "half a bottle of harmless, digestive claret" is the one thing needful to physical health, and that if this could be delivered at every door at a shilling a bottle, all our households would rise and called the distributor blessed. Difficulties with the water companies would be less harassing, for if there were claret for washing as well as drinking-claret, the water supply would be of secondary consequence. But I fear this calculation overlooks the patriotism which scorns dependence on the foreigner, and prefers the native beer to his harmless, digestive beverage. Besides, the Frenchman often mixes his claret with water, and shows no desire to get "forrarder." But who expects the British working-man to cultivate cheerful views on claret-and-water? Racial instinct forbids it.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

The future historian of the *causes célèbres* of the Third Republic will not have an easy task, if those cases are to be treated on their purely legal merits. The traffic in decorations, the Panama scandals, the martyrdom of young Lebaudy, who was practically denounced as a malingerer in deference to the ultra-democratic section of the politic-mongers; the Dreyfus affair, and a couple of equally unsavoury offences, would have been disposed of by our courts of law without the slightest attempt, either on the part of the prosecution or of the defence, to put a political complexion on them, still less to drag the House of Commons and the Upper House into the vortex. I need not point out the different method that has prevailed in France, and it will be for the future historian to lay bare the factors which made such a method possible.

The finding of one thoroughly honest man in all those cabals, political machinations, and sordid plottings will put the historian's patience and acumen to a severe test; but if that honest man be eventually unearthed, it will be unquestionably in connection with the Dreyfus imbroglio; and his name will spell Henri Brisson. But for the present Prime Minister of France, whose position as I write is not at all secure, the first step to let the light into the very dark corners of the matter would not have been accomplished. I am aware that this first step does not by any means argue the taking of subsequent ones, for even now the Highest Tribunal in France may reject the petition for a revision of the trial, which rejection would be absolutely irrevocable and close the affair for ever. But whether it does or not, Henri Brisson's name will henceforth stand forward as the only "plucked 'un" who took that first step in the face of nearly the whole of the nation, which, not to mince words, is anti-revisionist.

And yet Henri Brisson does not bear the reputation of being a strong man. There is nothing of Gambetta, Jules Ferry, let alone of Gladstone or Palmerston, and least of all of Bismarck, about him. In fact, up till now he has borne the reputation of being the reverse of strong. The latter assumption was not altogether unjustified, for when a man, under a régime like the Third Republic, has aimed for at least eleven years at filling its chief magistracy without getting nearer to it, amidst many opportunities, the logical deduction is that he lacks strength of will.

Is this obstinacy to elucidate the Dreyfus affair the first manifestation on M. Brisson's part of an altered state of mind? I doubt it. I know that it is said everywhere that his action in the matter is an indirect bid for the Presidency, and I believe it to be true; nevertheless, I feel equally certain that there was a stronger and more generous motive at work, and that motive was based upon thorough honesty. I have watched M. Brisson's career for many years; I am entirely at variance with his politics and his aims; but, like ninety-nine per cent. of those who have not the slightest sympathy with either, I believe M. Henri Brisson to be a thoroughly honourable and honest man. As such, he would be worth sketching at length; for this honourableness and integrity under the Third Republic constitute M. Brisson almost a phenomenon.

Unfortunately, a full-length portrait is out of the question here. It would be attractive from a physiognomical point of view too, for in spite of many years of political strife, ill-health, and a severe operation, M. Henri Brisson is still very handsome: a decade and a half ago there was no handsomer man in France. The drawback to that very magnificent face is that it rarely if ever lights up; it is uniformly sad, and the speech and their accompanying gestures are in thorough keeping with the face. His writings—for M. Brisson has written a good deal—are scarcely more exhilarating; and all these disadvantages combined have made M. Brisson the target of many jokes, mostly, I am bound to confess, based upon truth. M. Brisson is not a man after the French people's own heart. Were they convinced a hundred times more than most of them are of his unimpeachable honesty and uprightness, they would still dislike to see him occupy the foremost dignity in their country. They argue, and not unjustly, that a President of the Republic is, after all, but decorative; but they want something festive and sociable as well, and M. Brisson in the latter two respects would not come up to their requirements.

The President of the Republic has, in round numbers, £50,000 per annum to spend. Thiers, at Versailles, did not spend a quarter of it; yet there was no doubt about the aristocratic tone and exquisite form of his entertainments. "Il payait de sa personne," as the French have it. That is, the weak tea and small pastry he dispensed to his guests assumed a Lucullus-like importance through sheer *savoir-faire*. MacMahon was to the manner born; he had all the old-fashioned courtesy inbred in the Irishman of no matter what class. The Duchesse de Magenta is a *grande dame* to her finger-tips, and both she and her husband left the Elysée Bourbon considerably poorer than they entered it. Grévy was the jovial bourgeois, exceedingly careful of the pennies, but launching out on gala-nights. He made mistakes now and again with his high-born guests, which mistakes were forgiven for the sake of the amiability of the man. With the Republican section he was thoroughly at home, and so was Carnot, though by no means as spontaneous as his predecessor. Casimir-Périer would have been the right man at the Elysée Bourbon, with his considerable private fortune, his easy but nevertheless thoroughly well-bred manner. Unfortunately, he stayed too shortly. M. Félix Faure is beyond reproach, and free-handed too; but M. Brisson, though he would probably give three-fourths of his stipend to the poor, would convert the Presidency into an abode of sadness.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Balmoral, is accompanied by the Empress Frederick of Germany, Princess Henry of Battenberg, and Princess Adolph of Schaumburg-Lippe. The Duke and Duchess of York, with Prince Francis of Teck, from Mar Lodge, visited the Queen on Saturday. Their Royal Highnesses then left the Scottish Highlands for London; and on Monday the Duke of York went to Dover and embarked for Copenhagen, to join the Princess of Wales in attending the funeral of the late Queen of Denmark. The Prince of Wales is at Balmoral, but is expected to return to London at the end of this week.

Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, opened last week an Industrial Exhibition in aid of the Albert Institute at Windsor. The Duchess of Albany distributed prizes at the Esher National Schools. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, with her daughters, returned to Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Park.

The return home on Thursday, Oct. 7, of the 1st Battalion of Grenadier Guards from the campaign on the Nile and the battle of Omdurman was hailed with lively popular acclamation. We illustrate and describe this event elsewhere.

The Incorporated Law Society held its twenty-fifth annual provincial meeting, this year at Swansea, on Oct. 4 and 5; Mr. C. R. Margetts, of Huntingdon, being the president. It discussed and passed a recommendation to extend County Courts' jurisdiction to debts of £500.

The Congress of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants was held at Leeds, Mr. Walter Hudson presiding, in the latter days of the week. It was resolved to combine with the Railway Nationalisation League. With reference to the South Wales collieries strike, which has caused a loss of £12,000 to this Society, it was resolved that the Conciliation Act should be made compulsory. The number of accidents fatal to workers on railways, by which 492 were killed and 4104 injured last year, was noticed with regret. All locomotive engines should be furnished with continuous steam or automatic brakes.

The Archbishop of Canterbury on Friday, at the Mansion House, presided over a conference of the National Temperance League. It has been forty-two years in existence. A debt of £4500 has been incurred, which obliges it to discontinue the publication and distribution of literature recommending temperance. The committee ask for aid to remove this debt.

The London County Council Water Committee received on Friday a deputation from the East London Water Consumers' Defence Association, headed by the Rev. J. E. Hand, of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, complaining of the deficient supply. A debate on this subject took place in the County Council last week, when it was resolved that proposals to remedy the evil should be laid before Parliament next Session. At the meeting on Oct. 6 of the East London Water Company, it was stated by the Chairman, Mr. G. Banbury, that, notwithstanding the want of rain, the reservoirs being full up to June 20, constant supply was maintained until Aug. 22; the company had obtained powers to construct further reservoirs holding one thousand million gallons, was also increasing its supply from wells, and laying down arterial mains, besides purchasing water from the Kent, New River, and Southwark and Vauxhall companies. It is expected that, a twelvemonth hence, their own daily supply will be augmented by sixteen or seventeen million gallons. In spite of the drought, they continued to supply fifty-two million gallons a day, or twenty-four gallons per head to the consumers, at two periods of each day; many towns in England have to put up with less. In purity, he showed, the East London water stood next to that of the New River. All houses should have cisterns, which would prevent inconvenience being felt at times of intermittent supply. The company has reduced its dividend to increase its reserve fund.

The London School Board reassembled on Oct. 6, when Lord Reay, the Chairman, made some remarks upon the development of upper standard or higher-grade schools, evening continuation schools, classes for instruction in commercial subjects, science and art classes, for a small percentage of the children attending elementary schools. He gave statistics of an inquiry concerning the extent to which children were employed out of school hours, and considered that "steps would have to be taken to put a stop to this flagrant abuse."

Lord Kitchener of Khartoum arrived at Cairo on Thursday morning, Oct. 6, having left Khartoum, the headquarters of his army in the Soudan, on the Monday morning, and so, travelling from the Atbara to Wady Halfa by his new railway across the desert, performed the whole journey to Cairo in seventy-four hours. The Sirdar was greeted by Lord Cromer, Sir Francis Grenfell, and all the other British officials and residents at Cairo, with a most cordial welcome. The fugitive defeated Khalifa is said to be hiding in the jungle at Baba, three days' journey west of Abba Island, having been unable to get into Kordofan, and being regarded with enmity by the Arabs and native tribes.

The Czar arrived at Copenhagen on Saturday, in his yacht the *Pole Star*, from Libau, to attend the funeral of his grandmother, the Queen of Denmark.

The German Emperor has resolved, in his tour of the Levant, to give up his intended visit to Egypt, confining himself to Palestine and Constantinople, with a view to saving nearly a month of absence from home, and to be present at the opening of the German Reichstag.

Paris has been much disturbed since Wednesday last week by riots and acts of violence and threatening demonstrations on the part of large numbers of labouring men, "navvies," or excavators, and others employed in connection with the building trades, some fifty or sixty thousand being on strike. They broke into the works of the Courcelles-Champ de Mars Railway, smashed lamps and electric wires in the tunnel, overturned laden carts, attacked barges on the Seine and the St. Martin Canal, and drove off the masons building new schools at Montrouge. Stones were thrown at the police, and it was necessary to bring a squadron of cavalry to disperse the rioters. These disorders were renewed day after day.

The Pope, at the Vatican, on Saturday received a numerous deputation of French pilgrims, including priests as well as laymen, with some representatives of the working classes in France, to whom he spoke in favour of French Catholic missions in Palestine.

A serious local revolt of the Chippewa (or Ojibbeway) Indian tribes in the Native Reserve lands of the State of Minnesota has occasioned conflicts with the United States Government troops under command of General Bacon, at Bear Island and other military forts or stations, in which several officers and soldiers were killed or wounded.

In China, since the false report of the Emperor's death, a state of great uncertainty prevails; but it appears manifest that the Empress-Dowager has usurped the ruling power, and she persists in severely chastising all the late Ministers of State and high officials who advised or assisted measures of reform. About one hundred and fifty have been thrown into prison. The European Embassies at Peking, the British, Russian, and German, which required additional guards to protect them against violent outrages or insults, have got their separate detachments of Marines from the naval squadrons, and Russia has introduced a party of Cossacks, altogether to the number of about two hundred men in the aggregate of foreign official escorts, with two or three machine-guns. The capital city remains tolerably quiet for the present, but there is no security for the safety or tranquillity of residents there, and every project of material improvement in the different provinces of the Empire seems to be cast into suspense.

THE LEEDS FESTIVAL.

The glamour which a very recent experience in music throws over the present moment makes it very difficult to judge of such a great function as the Musical Festival just held at Leeds in comparison with other great festivals of the same kind in the past. Take it all in all, however, and with a certain allowance for immediate enthusiasm, we are inclined to think that the Festival of 1895 was, on the whole, a greater artistic success than that of 1898. The programmes of this year, for a beginning, were not so interesting as those of three years ago, which certainly did not include so much music that may be described as really quite dull. Otto Goldschmidt's "Ode," Cherubini's Overture to "Anacreon," Fauré's "Mythological Ode," Danby's "Awake, Æolian Lyre," Dvorák's "In der Natur" Overture, and Dr. Alan Gray's new "Song of Redemption," expressly composed for the Festival, were none of them worthy of the great and deserved reputation which that Festival has won in the past, and still retains. On another head, too, there was quite a surprising deficiency—namely, in the matter of soloists. Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. Ben Davies were engaged to sing only three times, and on other occasions the tenor part was taken by local singers, who by no means impressed their hearers with a particularly high sense of their excellence. In other departments, too, a similar policy was pursued. Part of Mr. Elgar's new cantata, "Caractacus," was quite below any good average interpretation at times, owing to the poorness of some of the solo-singing. Madame Albani, it is true, had a great deal to do, and she certainly entered into the spirit of the proceedings with even more than her customary enthusiasm and fervour; but it is possible sometimes in these days to have a little too much of even Madame Albani's voice. Certainly in these respects the Festival of this year has not equalled its immediate predecessor.

On the other hand, the chorus this year have accomplished one or two parts which have probably never been touched by any former chorus, while again they have, on occasions also, sung more poorly than has been customary in the records of the splendid Leeds choir; particularly one may select "Alexander's Feast," which came very near being a fiasco altogether, so slovenly and dispirited was the whole thing. Sir Arthur Sullivan, however, we are disposed to think, surpassed himself as a conductor. His reticent and undemonstrative manner in conducting, and his apparent permission to allow the music to make points for itself have very often deluded the unwary into a certain indifference towards his accomplishment in this capacity. That accomplishment is, however, a very real and very great one. Subtly he directs the emphasis, tempers the violence, and moulds the various vocal possibilities in the action and expression of his enormous forces. Sometimes you might have said that you did not agree with him in this or that interpretation of a particular passage, but in every instance you were bound to recognise the definitely artistic and personal aim which he was making for. His playing of the Choral Symphony is very much a thing to remember. It was strange, but it was splendid.

The greatest event of the Festival was certainly the singing of the chorus in Bach's Mass in B minor. It was one of the most remarkable and extraordinary artistic utterances of concerted vocalism that can be imagined. In the famous "Sanctus" every part seemed to swing and wheel, the one into the other, with the certainty and unerringness of mechanism, while the full vitality of a sensitively human organisation was also never for one moment deadened. The "Confiteor unum Baptisma," the "Cum Spiritu Sancto" and the "Hosanna" were also as grandly interpreted. Here, indeed, seemed the absolute perfection of choral singing, which could not be surpassed in the records of this workaday world. A stupid accusation of vandalism has been made against the organisers of the Festival because two or three numbers were omitted from the Mass altogether. How stupid such an accusation is can be tested from the fact that the Mass has no continuity at all, that each portion is separately sung on a separate occasion in the service, and that to omit one or two numbers is therefore clearly no mutilation at all, but simply a curtailment. If the chorus had given us, for example, the "Credo" alone, as a selection from the Mass, would anybody have thought it a vandalism? No. For a right, good, thorough piece of vandalism you must go to a Birmingham Festival, and note how Purcell's "King Arthur" was prepared, edited, and sung there. Leeds can afford to laugh at such a charge.

As to the new works—for it is impossible to discuss within strict limits every point that presents itself in detail—Mr. Elgar's cantata was clearly the most important, and showed signs of great musicianly promise. The subject was not very interesting — Caractacus can hardly be described as a vitally engrossing character to-day. Professor Stanford's "Te Deum" was received with a good deal of enthusiasm, but it can scarcely be considered as up to his best level of workmanship by any means. Mr. Cowen's "Ode," on the other hand, will rank among his best work: it is distinguished, thoughtful, original, and clever. The orchestration is particularly good. Dr. Alan Gray's "Song of Redemption," on the other hand, is exceedingly ordinary. Dr. Gray, doubtless, has technical accomplishment and a sense of musical fitness in the massing of a chorus; but his inspiration is sadly to seek, and his composition did not add to the gaiety of the festival. M. Fauré's "Birth of Venus" was a pretty little musical effort, but frankly it did not amount to very much. Finally, the orchestra was capital from beginning to end, with scarcely a point to blame or to check. Certainly this was altogether a magnificent musical treat, and the question of comparison need not be further inquired into.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

AT HOME.

Twelve months (including	Christmas Number),	£1 9s. 3d.
Six months, 14s.	Christmas Half-Year,	15s. 3d.
Three months, 7s.	Christmas Quarter,	8s. 3d.

ABROAD.

THICK EDITION.

Twelve months (including	Christmas Number),	£1 16s. 4d.
Six months, 17s. 4d.	Christmas Half-Year,	19s. 0d.
Three months, 8s. 8d.	Christmas Quarter,	10s. 4d.

THIN EDITION.

Twelve months (including	Christmas Number),	£1 12s. 0d.
Six months, 15s. 2d.	Christmas Half-Year,	16s. 10d.
Three months, 7s. 7d.	Christmas Quarter,	9s. 3d.

Newspapers for foreign parts may be posted at any time, irrespective of the *departure* of the mails.

Subscribers are specially advised to order the thick-paper edition, the appearance of the engravings on the thin-paper copies being greatly injured by the print at the back showing through.

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, direct to the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, in English money; by cheques, crossed "The Union Bank of London"; or by Post-Office Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to INGRAM BROTHERS, of 198, Strand, London.

FROM EUSTON TO KLONDIKE.—No. IX.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.

DAWSON CITY.—(Continued.)

A VISIT TO ELDORADO AND BONANZA.

Hearing and seeing so much of gold, I was, of course, most anxious to visit these wonderful creeks and see for myself how all this wealth was obtained; so, as soon as possible, I took advantage of an opportunity that offered, to go out with Palmer, of the *New York Press*, who had already been up the trail. The distance from Dawson to the nearest mines on the Bonanza Creek is about nine miles, but the really famous workings do not commence until some six miles farther on, where Eldorado Creek joins the Bonanza. The only way to get out to the mines is on foot. The trip can be made on horseback at an exorbitant charge, but it is a very tedious and unpleasant way of travelling, as the trail does not allow of any but a walking-pace the whole way. We decided to follow the example of the "old timers," and do the walk at night, it being far too hot to travel when the sun is high up at this time of the year. It will, of course, be remembered that there is no real night in these latitudes in June, the sun not setting till eleven o'clock, and, after a couple of hours of twilight, rising again about two. Men who do the trip constantly reckon to reach Eldorado clamber over, till one's ankles ached with the continual wrenching they got.

About half-way was a sort of wayside inn, a big log-cabin called the Bonanza Hotel, where hot supper could be obtained. We, of course, stopped here to refresh the inner man and have a rest, for the walk had already fatigued us and we had a good bit yet to do. The remaining half of the journey was even worse than the first, for, in addition to the mud and the rocks and other impediments, we had to cross Bonanza Creek several times, and by bridges more often than not consisting of single trees laid from bank to bank—easy enough for an old hand or a tight-rope walker, but a feat not in my line. I managed somehow to negotiate most of them in a more or less graceful manner. Harris, however, was not so fortunate, although he was far less awkward than I. He was the last to cross a single pole at a comparatively narrow part, when suddenly we heard a splash, and looking round, saw that he had slipped off, and was floundering up to his waist in the icy-cold water. He was, of course, soon out, but wet through to the skin. Here was a pretty predicament. It was nearly one o'clock in the morning, and beginning to freeze hard (as it always does out here during the small hours), not a house near, and seven miles at least to do yet. We decided to push on as fast as we could, so as to prevent Harris from taking cold, if possible. So off we started at a racing pace.

The next bridge proved too much for my nerves, more in different parts of the cabin, we slept soundly till close on eight o'clock. When we woke it was a lovely morning, the sun shining brilliantly and making the poor cabin look quite cheerful and homely. A good breakfast was waiting us. The appetising smell of coffee and the bacon cooking on the stove outside was almost worth the tough walk to enjoy. We had, I am sure, but one thought in our minds as we sat down to the excellent meal, and that was that Voss was a jolly good fellow, and it is a pity there are not many more like him.

We spent the whole day on the claim. The wash-up was in progress, and as the method is the same on all claims on the creeks, it could be observed equally well here as elsewhere. The result might, perhaps, not be so phenomenal as some, for the claim is not considered one of the richest, but it would doubtless show what a good average was. It is not, I believe, generally known that these placer claims of the Klondike region can only be worked in the winter months; that is to say, what is known as the "pay-gravel" is excavated when the ground is frozen; then a hole is sunk till this gravel is reached, usually some ten to fifteen feet, sometimes less. This is accomplished by thawing the ground by means of fires, digging out as much as has been thawed, and repeating this process again and again every day all through the winter. Of course there are exceptions to this, some ground not being frozen at all, but this is rare. When the sun returns and the creek is released from its icy mantle, then

CYCLE AMBULANCE AS USED IN THE GERMAN ARMY.

in four hours, but when the trail is in bad condition, a little longer.

Before starting, we were told we should find it pretty bad, and pretty bad it was; in fact, I don't think I ever did a more fatiguing walk in my life. The first part was not so bad, and lured us on in the belief that we were merely out for a pleasant stroll through shady woods and by the side of a rippling stream, but we were soon undeceived, alas! Leaving Dawson, the trail skirts the Bonanza Creek, which joins the Klondike close by. The walking here was easy enough, and would not have been unpleasant but for the mosquitoes that simply swarmed in the long rank grass and vegetation on the banks. It is a curious and remarkable circumstance that while the country round Dawson and all the way along the rivers and creeks is infested with these pests, not a single one is to be found in the town itself. This is hard to explain, and I could find no one who could give a reasonable solution of so extraordinary a fact. It is one of the few things that help to make living there bearable, for once outside it, life becomes a burden and misery.

But to return to the trail. In a short time it began to get rocky, then muddy, then both, till at last it could scarcely, even by a stretch of the imagination, be considered even that; for after this point words fail to convey any idea of what the walk to the creeks meant. In many parts of the route it was positively a case of floundering amidst black mud for miles, till one wondered whether one would get through and save one's boots. To the mud would probably succeed a long tract of deep wet moss, into which one sank till the water reached knee-high; or perhaps, by way of variety, there would be dry rocks to especially after the accident I had just witnessed. I tried hard to walk it, but had to give in and sit down and slide across somehow—not a dignified performance, I must confess; still I got over safely, though much to the astonishment and amusement of an old miner who chanced to come along just as I was in the middle. Palmer having suddenly remembered that he knew someone on a neighbouring claim, we made straight for it in the hopes of finding him at his cabin—sure that if he were, he would let Harris warm himself by his fire, and would lend him something to put on while his own things were drying. We were not far off, fortunately, and by the greatest of good luck found him in, though in bed. On learning what had happened, he was up in an instant lighting a fire and preparing coffee, and before we had had time to turn around almost Harris was out of his soaking clothes and rubbing himself down with a good rough towel—not a moment too soon either, for his breeches and boots were coated with ice and beginning to freeze hard. All this had been done so quickly that Palmer had scarcely had time to introduce us to the good-hearted fellow we had thus rudely disturbed, and who was taking all this trouble for us. We learned he was an American named Voss, that he was the owner of the claim we were on, and was one of the successful men of the creek. Here was another instance of the rough exterior of the miner disguising the born gentleman. Had we been in an English country house instead of the uncouth log-cabin, we could not have received a more genial welcome. After a good hot cup of coffee, we insisted on our host returning to his bed, for it was scarcely three o'clock; and making ourselves as comfortable as we could on rugs the washing of the big heap of gold-bearing gravel commences, and usually lasts till the end of July. This is called the wash-up, and an experienced miner can tell beforehand almost to $1000 what the result will be. A fortune may be the reward or a blank comparatively, for though there is gold everywhere, all claims are not "Bonanzas," though they may be on Bonanza Creek!

The washing, or rather sluicing, process is accomplished by conveying water from the creek at a higher level than the claim by means of what is known as a "flume"—a sort of small wooden aqueduct that runs through a large wooden trough called the sluice-box. By grading this "flume," a certain velocity of water is obtained, so that it passes through the sluice-box with sufficient force to wash thoroughly and disintegrate the gravel as it is thrown in, as shown in my sketch. The gold, by reason of its specific gravity, sinks to the bottom, and the refuse is carried away by the stream. There are usually three of these sluice-boxes, or troughs, of different sizes, with movable slats at the bottom, which help to catch the gold. On very rich claims the troughs are cleaned out every two hours, but on this claim only once in ten hours, at the end of the day shift.

It was a most interesting moment when, toward six in the afternoon, the clean-up for the day commenced. As the accumulated small sand and gravel at the bottom of the troughs were gradually cleaned away, gold could be seen freely, mostly fine and flaky, but with small nuggets here and there, till at last there was quite a respectable heap in the iron pan in which it was collected. About two hundred ounces for ten hours' washing was not phenomenal, but probably a good representative average.

(*To be continued.*)

FROM EUSTON TO KLONDIKE.—THE WASH-UP: A SCENE ON BONANZA CREEK.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Julius M. Price.

The washing process is accomplished by conveying water from the creek by means of a small wooden aqueduct, called a "flume," through a wooden trough called the sluice-box. The water passes through the sluice-box with sufficient force to disintegrate the gravel as it is thrown in, the gold sinking to the bottom.

See Preceding Page.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE BRITISH EMBASSY IN PARIS.

In view of the attitude of the French Government towards the Fashoda question, all eyes are turned for the moment to Sir Edmund Monson, our Ambassador in Paris, for his is the immediate voice which must convey to France the mandates of Great Britain in regard to the Upper Nile Valley. And France is looking eagerly to that spot of British soil within the capital, for every Embassy is considered to be inviolate. The British Embassy, in the Faubourg St. Honoré, must always be of interest to Frenchmen, for it was there that Napoleon's sister, Princess Pauline, held her salon.

A RESERVOIR OF THE EAST LONDON WATER-WORKS COMPANY IN THE LEA VALLEY.
From a Photograph taken on October 8 by Mr. J. F. Bennet, Upper Clapton.

Napoleon's conqueror, the Iron Duke, recommended our purchase of the palace at a cost of £24,000—a small sum in view of the present value of the property. The palace consists of a front and two side wings, in the right of which are the Consul's offices. The State apartments are gorgeously decorated, and are full of souvenirs of Napoleon. For a personal impression of our Ambassador, we are indebted to Mrs. Crawford, the famous Paris correspondent—

Tall, erect, of a still flexible figure and commanding yet not haughty presence, Sir Edmund Monson is a meet representative of the Queen in a great foreign capital. He has the tone of voice and that mingling of courtesy with high dignity that should distinguish an Ambassador bearing a message of grave import from Power to Power. Sir Edmund is the third son of the sixth Lord Monson, who was, before the Reform Bill, able to sell or give away the seat in Parliament for Gatton. The bent of H.B.M.'s Ambassador to the French Republic was not the diplomatic service, but the House of Commons. When nearly half-way through his diplomatic career he retired to strive for a seat in Parliament, and spent quite a fortune in vain attempts to become an M.P.

I am not aware that Sir Edmund encountered stirring adventures by land or water. Brigandage had been stamped out in Greece before he went as Minister to Athens. But he was agent of Great Britain in Montenegro in the troublous years that followed the accession of Nicholas Petrovitch. He was Consul-General at Pesth when Francis Joseph was called "the young Emperor-King." It was there that friendly regard began which his Imperial Majesty showed when he asked the Foreign Office to send Sir Edmund as Ambassador to Vienna. Sir Edmund was Secretary of Legation at Washington during the Civil War, and was at Monte Video as Consul-General when the Empire of Brazil threatened to overlap the Republics of Paraguay and Uruguay. He was one of the few diplomats with whom Alexander III. laid aside his shyness. That potentate became well acquainted with him at Copenhagen. He paid him the great compliment of asking the Foreign Office to send him as Ambassador to Russia. But Sir Edmund preferred Vienna to St. Petersburg. The friends of his youth were in the former capital, and the salary was £1000 a year more—an object surely for one who had flung money away at contested elections!

Sir Edmund Monson just missed witnessing the declaration of war between France and Austria in 1859. In that year he was named Secretary of Legation at Washington, where there was then no Embassy. Lord Lyons was head of the mission to which he was named. A Tory Cabinet was in office in England. It liked to do things in a handsome, old-fashioned manner, regardless of expense. Britannia ruled the waves. This being so, it was decided to send the Lyons mission to New York in the splendidly fitted-up frigate that had just taken Lord Stratford de Redcliffe to Constantinople. Lord Lyons, a miserable *sailor*, though an Admiral's son, wanted to minimise the horrors of sea-sickness by going in a Cunard liner. He sent Sir Edmund to Sir John Pakington, First Lord of the Admiralty, to represent the great advantages of the latter mode of transport. But Sir John stuck to the idea that the British Minister would have more prestige landing from a frigate than with some scores of passengers from a liner. Lord Lyons then proposed that the frigate be sent on before him to take him from a steamer somewhere near Sandy Hook. This was discarded. The frigate took fifty days (yes, fifty days!) to make the passage. Winds were all the time contrary. Lord Lyons suffered during the entire passage from sea-sickness. On landing, they learned of the bolt from the blue that had fallen on Baron Hübner at the Tuileries. They were destined to witness the greatest civil war that ever cursed the world.

Sir Edmund Monson was sent to see how the land lay in Cuba and the Southern States, was the guest at Havana of Marshal Serrano, at New Orleans of Slidell, and was in the theatre of that city when the news arrived that the Confederate flag was hoisted on Fort Sumter. He frequently saw Lincoln, a homely man, always dressed in Sunday clothes, and ready to make a joke or tell a funny story.

Sir Edmund Monson understands the art of verbal shading, and of giving meaning by emphasis and tone to words that in themselves are colourless. This is a great advantage. The message to be delivered gets into the newspapers; the manner of delivery does not. Expressive words make backs rise when quoted from Blue-Books. An expressive tone of voice only reaches the ear for which it is meant. It affords no angle of vantage to mischief-makers.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

The strong sense of duty which marks our royal family has made the Duke of Connaught's five years' lease of the command of the Aldershot District a complete success. He entered on the task amid many criticisms, levelled less at himself than at his position as a royalty. He left it on Saturday, when he reviewed the troops for the last time, amid universal regret, for he has proved a great success, his constant devotion to the daily round having resulted in the fine state of efficiency which now marks the Aldershot troops. In the evening he and the Duchess and his daughter Princess Margaret were entertained at dinner by the Empress Eugénie, at Farnborough Hill, this being the first reception which her Majesty has held since she quitted the Tuileries eight-and-twenty years ago. The Duke is to take a long holiday-travel, but even then he will not forget that he is a soldier, for it is understood that he means to visit Egypt and see our army there for himself.

THE RETURN OF THE GUARDS.

On witnessing the return of the Guards to London the other day, my mind involuntarily wandered from Omdurman to Agincourt, and thus took a leap of more than four centuries. But it was not certain points of similarity between the two battles which caused my imagination to bridge this goodly space of time. It was not the fact that the English at Omdurman had numbered just about as many fighting-men as those of Henry V. at Agincourt, and that they were opposed—they and their comrades of the native Egyptian army—by a force of Dervishes just about as large as the French host which had dared to bar the homeward road of Henry's Englishmen to Calais. It was not the fact that at Omdurman the English of Kitchener and their "Gippy" comrades had slaughtered just about as many of their opponents as the Englishmen of Henry had grounded at Agincourt, nor was it the enthusiastic welcome that was accorded to both home-returning armies that inclined my mind to a comparison between the two battles. No; it was the fact that I had never seen troops look so washed-out and war-worn as the 1st Grenadier Guards on their triumphal march from Waterloo Station to Wellington Barracks which induces me to go back as far as Agincourt to find a parallel to their case—Agincourt, which the Englishmen of Henry fought and won after several weeks' "rainy marching in the painful field," and after being famished nigh unto death, with no better provender than the scanty filberts they had managed to pick up by the roadside. When the half-starved heroes of Agincourt made their triumphal entry into London amid such an outburst of popular enthusiasm, they cannot have looked more war-worn and washed-out than the heroes of Omdurman—heroes by reason of their steadfastness in battle, but still more so on account of the discipline and endurance with which they bore all the torrid terrors of the Soudan's sandy wastes. I witnessed Gladstone's funeral in Westminster Abbey; but what were the curious crowds which then fringed the streets compared with the enthusiastic multitudes through which the Guardsmen had almost to fight their way to their barracks and their well-earned beef and beer, much of which they will have to consume before they are in anything like the flesh they showed before leaving for the Rock? Nay, the royal route itself, on last year's Jubilee Day, was not half so densely packed with spectators as the road from Waterloo to the barracks in Birdcage Walk on Thursday week; and a greater or more significant display of martial enthusiasm in the people of London has certainly not been evoked since the return of our troops after the Crimean War. The capture of Sebastopol and the capture of Khartoum, as military feats, are scarcely to be compared; but it was as clear as a pikestaff from the temper of the multitudes which turned out to acclaim our home-returning Guards on Thursday last, that Kitchener's feat, with its final avenging of Gordon, and its fortification of our hold on the valley of the Nile, where the French are now seeking to dispute our supremacy, has fired the hearts and imagination of the British people to an extent which the French will do well to make a serious note of. The official side of all this was seen at Wellington Barracks, where the veteran Duke of Cambridge heartily greeted the Guards.
C. L.

EAST-END RESERVOIRS.

The drought which has dried up so many ponds and streams all over England has not left London out of its field of operations. The East-End has been delivered from its parched-up plight by the rescue work of other companies, but the reservoirs of the East London Water-Works still bear sufficient marks of the thirstiness of the land. They are reservoirs that have lost their occupation; but they offer perhaps the least empty argument that is possible against the continuance of any system of water-supply which may fall short or utterly fail with the always precarious rainfall of the varying seasons.

ESQUIMALT, VANCOUVER ISLAND.

The "Gibraltar of the Pacific" is what our naval station, Esquimalt, Vancouver Island, is to be. The drawing of it as it is to-day will soon be obsolete, for the Government has just taken the whole place over, town and all, to turn it into a huge fortress. Next to Victoria, Esquimalt ranks as the most important centre in the island. A Greek in the service of Spain was the discoverer of Vancouver Island in 1592, and in 1778 it was visited by Captain Cook. When Vancouver, on behalf of the British, took the island over from the Spanish Governor, Guadra, the name of the island was chartered as Guadra and Vancouver; but the public dislikes long names, and made its own abbreviation. In 1849 the island was assigned to the Hudson Bay Company, but was rebought by the British Government in 1858.

SPANISH-AMERICAN PEACE COMMISSION.

The Commissioners deputed by Spain and by America to discuss the details of the peace-making between the two countries are still in session at Paris. The proceedings of the Commission are not published, but it is common knowledge that enough progress has been made to discount the sinister prophecy of General Wheeler that there would be another war before the final establishment of peace. America has demanded the cession of Luzon Island as well as of an island in the Ladrones for a coaling-station. Meanwhile, the inhabitants of the Philippines petition to be declared independent and to have Home Rule under American protection. The question of Church and State property presents, on the other hand, difficulties to America, from the settlement of which Judge White shrank, expert lawyer, civil and ecclesiastical, though he is.

A RESERVOIR OF THE EAST LONDON WATER-WORKS COMPANY IN THE LEA VALLEY.
From a Photograph taken on October 8 by Mr. J. F. Bennet, Upper Clapton.

PERSONAL.

Colonel Henry Brabazon Urmston, whose death is announced from Maidstone, was the third son of Sir James Brabazon Urmston, at one time President of the Honourable East India Company's service in China. He himself entered the East India Company's service as a cadet of Infantry in 1847, passing the higher standard examination as interpreter in three languages in 1849. In 1852 he was serving in the Irregular Cavalry in the Black Mountain Expedition under Lord Napier. Two years later, he was appointed Assistant Commissioner in the Punjaub; and in 1857 was sent by Lord Canning to be the Resident Military Officer at the Court of Maharajah Gholab Sing of Kashmir. He kept the Maharajah loyal through the Mutiny, and when his Highness died, he interposed to prevent the suttee of his five wives. From 1858 onwards Colonel Urmston held a number of Assistant Commissionerships, until he was appointed in 1872 Commissioner of the Rawal Pindi Division. In 1875 he retired, after twenty-eight years of arduous service, and settled down at home to a life full of charitable activities. Colonel Urmston married a daughter of the late Mr. W. Hughes Hughes, M.P. for Oxford; and his wife, who was the loyal sharer of his good works for nearly half a century, died a year ago, during the typhoid epidemic at Maidstone.

Photo Maull and Fox.

THE LATE COLONEL H. B. URMSTON.

By the death of Sir Henry Macandrew, Inverness loses one of its most eminent citizens. Born in 1832, he spent practically all his days in the Highland capital, and having filled prominent offices, including the Provostship, he was closely identified with the life of the community. Sir Henry was the leading partner of a legal firm, and as such he took part in several lively political battles of the old-fashioned sort. At the time of his death he had been Sheriff-Clerk of Inverness-shire for twenty-eight years. During his Provostship he presented the freedom of Inverness to Mr. Chamberlain, and later on extended a similar civic courtesy to Lord Kyllachy. He was one of the Jubilee Knights, and in connection with the honour then conferred upon him, he was presented with a portrait of himself painted by Sir George Reid. Sir Henry was a staunch Liberal, but, like many more, he could not follow his old chief on the Irish question. He was fond of literary study, and on the subject of ancient Celtic history was regarded as an authority.

When receiving the honorary degree of Doctor of Science at Victoria University, Liverpool, Lord Lister took occasion to offer a defence of vivisection. He reiterated the scientific dogma that without vivisection it is impossible to carry on pathological investigation with the fullest advantage, and he declared that vivisection was virtually painless, any pain inflicted being "of the most trifling description." He cited the experiment of removing the brain of a monkey, an operation performed with anæsthetics, and absolutely painless. To the surgical knowledge derived from this experiment alone Lord Lister attributed the saving of many lives. Some hope is expressed that this statement will lead to an abatement of the controversy which has literally raged round vivisection; but that hope seems illusory.

By the death of Dr. Maurice Davis in his seventy-seventh year the Jewish community in London loses one of its most respected members and ablest physicians. As student at King's College he gained the first prize in Clinical Surgery and the first certificates of honour in Surgery and Clinical Science. His professional contributions to the Press included a series of papers in the *Sanitary Record* on the "Sanitary Defects in Houses," extending over a period of six years, from 1884 to 1890, which attracted considerable attention on the part of the authorities; another subject on which he wrote with considerable effect being "The Cosmopolitanism and Longevity of the Jewish Race." Dr. Davis, who resided for over forty years in Brunswick Square, where he died, was J.P. for the County of London, having previously been on the Commission of the Peace for the County of Middlesex and Liberty of Westminster, and was an active member of the British Medical Association and of the Society for the Relief of Widows and Orphans of Medical Men, as well as occupying for many years a seat on the Jewish Board of Guardians. His wife, who predeceased him, was daughter of Mr. James Graham Lewis, founder of the firm of Lewis and Lewis, and sister of Sir George Lewis, of Ely Place.

THE LATE DR. MAURICE DAVIS.

The Pope is evidently disturbed by the Kaiser's approaching visit to Jerusalem. He has intimated that he regards France as the sole guardian of the Holy Places. This announcement is evidently prompted by the fear that the Kaiser may assert the right of a Protestant monarch to undertake this guardianship. France has a prior claim, no doubt, but Russia is also a claimant. How to reconcile the French traditions with the pretensions of the Orthodox Church is one of the numerous puzzles of the Franco-Russian alliance. The Kaiser will always have a trump card to play if he wants to increase the growing distrust between France and Russia.

No journey of a crowned head has caused so much commotion as this journey of the Kaiser's to the East. It excites all manner of expectations and not a little resentment. The Sultan hoped it would postpone, if not quash, the ultimatum of the four Powers about Crete. French residents at Constantinople are full of irritation. The Kaiser's decision not to visit Cairo is a severe disappointment to many people who make Cairo their winter quarters.

Mr. Evans, Liberal candidate for the Carmarthen Boroughs, has withdrawn from his candidature, on the ground that he is beset by too many electors with axes to grind. They call on him, demand payment for their votes, and then go away and abuse him. Mr. Evans is very angry, and says he will make his assailants wish they had never been born. Evidently he is too sensitive for the ways of electioneering. Other candidates have similar experiences, but treat them lightly. If every ambitious politician were as thin-skinned as Mr. Evans, nobody would go to Parliament at all.

Out of Egypt the Hon. Arthur Stanley has been called to fight for the vacancy in the Ormskirk Division of Lancashire. His success will end his diplomatic career as Third Secretary of the British Agency in Cairo, where he has been particularly popular with Lord Cromer and the rest of the staff. If, however, the withdrawal of men like Sir Martin Gosselin from foreign posts to serve in touch with the Home Government be a good thing, a diplomatic training will by no means be thrown away upon a mere member of the House of Commons.

M. Pierre Paul Cambon, who has been appointed Ambassador to the Court of St. James's *vice* Baron de Courcel, came to us from Constantinople. He is fifty-five years of age, and was a lawyer before he turned diplomat. From 1882 to 1886 he was Resident at Tunis, and reorganised the finance of the country. Then he went to Madrid; and since 1890 he has represented France at Constantinople. His appointment is popular on both sides of the Channel, our Government having accepted him within twenty-four hours. His brother, Jules Cambon, is also a distinguished diplomat.

M. PAUL CAMBON.

"Not very well, thank you," is the reply England and Wales have to give to any kind inquiry after their health. That is the net result of the report on deaths in thirty-three large centres, just issued for last week by the Registrar-General. Worked out for the year, these figures give an average of 20·5 deaths to each thousand of the population, a slight increase on the answering figures of the previous ten years. Londoners, however, may learn with relief that Brighton heads the health-list with the lowest rate of mortality—namely, 14·9 per thousand. Portsmouth comes next, then Nottingham; and these are closely followed by Huddersfield, Bristol, and West Ham, all over 17 but under 18 per thousand. The towns that bring the average up happened last week to be Sunderland with 30·4, Liverpool with 29, and Norwich with 27·5. The towns that hit the happy medium are Blackburn, Bradford, Burnley, Halifax, and Swansea. Just a little below these falls London, with 18·8. Of the seventy total deaths from diphtheria in all the towns, London had 34; and this was an increase on the previous week's returns. In the case of scarlet-fever and of measles, the deaths are fewer than during the previous week or two; and the upholders of vaccination can point with pride to the fact that not a single death from small-pox occurred last week in any of these thirty-three cities under observation.

Rival watering-places are not particularly anxious to advertise each other, and even in a British colony one can hardly expect the claims of local patriotism to give place all at once to the larger reciprocities of the brotherhood of man. That, however, is hardly the view of the Commissioner of Tobago, who has just issued an appeal to the residents of the larger island of Trinidad to recognise its neighbour as "one of the healthiest of the British West Indian Islands." He regrets that Trinidadians do not, by resorting there for rest and pure air, "help to advertise the advantages of the poorer partner." Meanwhile, Tobago has shown that she does pretty well for herself in commerce, as the money value of her exports to and imports during last year from the United Kingdom reached in each case three-quarters of a million.

The friends of Prohibition in England are not likely to be able to point to Canada as a precedent; for it now seems certain that the plebiscite, though favourable to the entire suppression of the drink traffic, will not result in legislation. Meanwhile, as a slight compensation under this disappointment, they may take the report of Mr. Vice-Consul Keating, just issued from our Foreign Office, on Agriculture in the State of Maine, and especially his statement as to the great prosperity of the Maine farmers during the last forty years, as due to the Maine Law of Prohibition.

In view of the Fashoda difficulty, M. Delcassé, the French Foreign Minister, is the most important Frenchman of the moment. Lord Salisbury has given immense satisfaction to his countrymen by his determined stand against French pretensions in the Nile Valley. It is now plain that the Government will not even discuss the claim which France has made to Fashoda. M. Delcassé is in a very awkward fix. He cannot recall Major Marchand at once without offending the French Colonial party, and he cannot induce Lord Salisbury to let the gallant explorer stay where he is. To complicate the business, Major Marchand is without supplies and ammunition. Completely cut off from all relief, his position is absurd, and his superiors in Paris have only themselves to thank for the absurdity.

Photo Pirou, Paris.

M. DELCASSÉ.

The Countess de Martel, better known as "Gyp," has achieved an unenviable distinction. When Colonel Picquart declared in court that if he died in the military prison to which he was to be transferred, it would be a case of murder, not of suicide, this lady burst into a fit of laughter. The incident is a good illustration of the sheer dementia which has superseded reason and even decency in the minds of so many French people.

Sir John Watson, of Earnock, who died suddenly at Hamilton recently, was another victim of the September heat-wave. Sir John was one of the most notable figures in the commercial life of Glasgow and the West of Scotland. He was one of the pioneers in the opening up of the Lanarkshire coalfields; and he was the first in Scotland, and the second in the United Kingdom, to introduce electric light underground. At the close of his last Administration Mr. Gladstone conferred a baronetcy on him. One of Sir John's daughters was married to the late Lord Belhaven, for the development of whose estates he spent large sums; and his second wife, by whom he is survived, is a daughter of the late Peter Mackenzie, editor of the *Reformers' Gazette*. Sir John Watson was a native of Kirkintilloch, and had reached his seventy-ninth year.

The Ladies' Kennel Association opened its first provincial show of dogs in Wolverhampton on Tuesday, when four hundred dogs were in competition for prizes amounting in all to about £2000. The Princess of Wales, who is the patroness of the Association, had entered several dogs; but these were withdrawn, being included in the general cancelling of her Royal Highness's engagements following on the death of the Queen of Denmark.

The Bishop of Newport, the Right Rev. Cuthbert Hedley, has been celebrating the silver jubilee of his episcopate. The Bishop, who was at one time editor of the *Dublin Review*, and is one of the most able writers and preachers of the Roman Catholic Church in this country, but who is at the head of perhaps the poorest of its dioceses, is about to receive a testimonial now being organised by Colonel Vaughan, of Courtfield, the younger brother who succeeded to the family estate voluntarily relinquished by Cardinal Vaughan.

One of the officers who fought at Omdurman and had a special mention in the Sirdar's official despatch was Lieutenant-Colonel Charles J. Long, of the Royal Artillery. Colonel Macdonald's Brigade, it will be remembered, bore two very severe attacks in close succession from different quarters, and the Sirdar expresses the satisfaction that must be the Colonel's, and which "the whole Army" will share, to find that "the very great care he has devoted to his brigade has proved so effectual." The Sirdar goes on to "mention under this category the excellent services performed" by several officers, among whom is included Lieutenant-Colonel Long, who commanded the combined British and Egyptian artillery.

Photo Downey.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL C. J. LONG, R.A.

"M. de Rougemont's" real name has now been proved to be Grin, and he has been identified by several people with a man who passed by that name in London, and called himself the inventor of a diving apparatus, and a black-and-white artist. Evidently, "M. de Rougemont" thinks that this fuss about names is pedantic. In his lecture at St. James's Hall, he admitted gaily that he had engaged in various odd enterprises for the purpose of sharpening his wits. The process seems to be still going on.

A GARDEN IDYLL.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER V.

THE MIRRORED FACE.

The household duties finished, the birds regaled with seed and water, Yolette went out, as she always did, into the tangled garden for a romp with Schéhérazade, calling Hildé to follow. But Hildé had slipped away to her own silent chamber, where, in the half-light, pale patches of sun moved on the lowered curtains, and one dusty sunbeam slanted through the dusk.

She sank into an easy-chair, her head thrown back, her eyes wide open, gazing at nothing—at the motes sifting through the bands of sunlight—at the tracery of a vine outside the window-sill, shadowed on the lowered curtain, that moved when the breeze swayed the leaves. But she saw neither shadow nor sunlight, nor the white walls of the room, nor the white curtains of the bed. There was but one thing before her eyes—Harewood's face bending close to hers, closer still; and she lay back in the chair, breathless—fascinated.

Consternation for what she had done gave place to wonder. She strove to understand why she had done it, to begin at the beginning of things. The beginning of things, for her, was not far away—scarcely an hour back. And yet it was no use—no use to try to remember how it had happened. A passing cloud blotted the dappled sunshine from the curtains; the room grew very dim and still. An apathy, mental and physical, fell upon her; her eyes drooped until the dark lashes rested on her cheeks; her limbs semed heavy and numb. Presently the shaft of sunlight stole across the dusk again. She raised one hand, touching her face with listless fingers. Her eyes and cheeks were wet with tears.

There was a niche in the wall over the bed where a *faïence* figure of Ste. Hildé of Carhaix stood robed in blue and gold. She turned her eyes to the saint, and leaned forward in the dusk; but perhaps she had nothing to say to this other Hildé of Carhaix—perhaps she did not know what to say, for her head drooped and she sank back in the armchair, idly twisting her white fingers. The tears dried quickly, for there was nothing of bitterness in her heart, only a constant wonder, an eternal childish question—why? And always before her she saw Harewood's face, touched with an indefinable smile, bending close, closer yet to her own.

Upstairs Harewood himself was sitting on the edge of Bourke's bed, dispensing tobacco and liquid nourishment to half-a-dozen fellow-countrymen, who filled the room with smoke and sprawled on the furniture listening to Bourke.

Bourke finished speaking, modestly looking at Sutherland for approval. The latter stroked his grizzled moustache thoughtfully and gazed at the bare floor.

Speyer began to speak, but subsided when Sutherland looked up at him.

"What Bourke says," began Sutherland, "is something I can neither deny nor approve. He affirms that it is not possible for the German armies to isolate Paris from the outside world; he says that if we remain in Paris we shall be able to communicate with our respective journals. Whether or not this turns out to be the case, I myself have decided to leave the city. Personally I don't care whether I'm with the French or German army. If the Germans invest Paris and enter Versailles, I fancy it will change nothing so far as the censorship is concerned."

"German censors are worse than French, if anyone should ask you," observed Winston.

"They're all of a piece," grumbled Harewood, who had more red pencil on his despatches than the rest of the foreign correspondents put together.

Sutherland laughed, returning his pipe to the morocco case, and looked at Bourke with kindly eyes. "So long as you and Harewood are expected to stick to the French army," he said, "I suppose you ought to stay in Paris. As for Winston and Shannon, and George Malet, they are free to go where they please; and if I'm anything of a prophet they had better steer clear of Paris."

Upstairs Harewood himself was sitting on the edge of Bourke's bed, dispensing tobacco and liquid nourishment to half-a-dozen fellow-countrymen.

"You mean you think that there 'll be nothing much to see in Paris?" asked Harewood anxiously.

Sutherland caressed his double chin. "There will be plenty to see—perhaps more to see than there will be to eat," he replied slowly.

Bourke raised his glass impatiently, saying: "Well, here 's to you, Prophet of Evil!"

Sutherland smiled at him and picked up his hat. "I 'm an old codger," said the great war-correspondent; "I need the luxury of a meal at least once a week. Perhaps I 'm unreasonable, but I 'm not fond of horseflesh either. Bourke, if you think you ought to stay in Paris"—he held out a heavy sun-burned hand—"I 'll say good-bye, and good luck to you and to Harewood, the hare-brained suckling of journalism."

In the laughter and shouts of "Here 's to you, Jim! Don't let the censor bully you! Take away his red pencil!" Bourke jumped to his feet and shook hands with them all, including Speyer.

"Good luck, all of you!" he cried heartily. "Jim and I will take our chances."

"I don't get my stuff through, anyway, so if we 're blocked up here it won't matter," said Harewood. As he followed them to the door Speyer offered him a flabby hand. "I wish you luck," he said with a furtive sneer. "I know this house; you will be well lodged; the ladies are delightful."

Harewood withdrew his hand roughly. "What's that?" he demanded. But Speyer hurried away down the stairs, arm-in-arm with Stauffer, whose weak blond face was convulsed with laughter.

"Did you hear what he said, Bourke?" asked Harewood. "I didn't know he 'd ever been here. What a sneaking, sneering brute he is!"

"Who cares?" said Bourke. "We 're not obliged to see him, are we? Well, Jim, what do you think; shall we stay here or go with the others?"

"Oh, of course, if you insist on staying——"

"But I don't," laughed Bourke.

"You don't? What about our instructions to remain with the French army?"

"Pooh!" said Bourke. "We can cable that it 's impossible. Shall we, Jim? You were so anxious to go, you know, yesterday."

"I wish," said Harewood in sudden irritation, "that you 'd stop grinning. No — I won't go. I'm not a confounded weathercock——"

"Except in love," observed Bourke. "Don't lose your temper, Jim, and don't dangle around Hildé Chalais. Now I 'm going down to the city to see what 's up. Want to come?"

"No," said Harewood shortly.

Bourke nodded with unimpaired cheerfulness, and put on his hat. "Anything I can do for you? No? Well, tell our hostesses I 'm lunching in town; I'll be back to dinner at seven. By the way, I think I 'd better sell our horses now; don't you?"

"I don't care a hang what you do," said Harewood sulkily.

Bourke nodded again, and went out whistling. He understood the younger man; and he would have lain down his life for him any hour in the day, knowing that Harewood would do the same for him.

When he had gone Harewood threw himself on the bed, with both hands behind his head. Perhaps he was interested in the single fly that circled above the bed, sometimes darting off at a tangent, sometimes cutting the circles into abrupt angles, but always swinging back again as though suspended from the ceiling on an invisible thread. He thought of Bourke, already wondering at his own bad temper; he thought of the war, of the folly of Saarbrück, the never-to-be-forgotten shambles of Mars la Tour; at least, he imagined he was thinking of these things. In reality a vague shape was haunting him, vague fingers touched his own, shadowy eyes questioned his, a name sounded in his ears again and again, until the quiet beating of his heart took up the persistent cadence.

He roused himself, went over to the mirror, and stared at his own reflection. Self-disgust seized him; he was sick of himself, of his own futility, of his life, so utterly useless because so absolutely selfish. That was the strange part of it to him; nobody else seemed to be aware how selfish he was. He himself knew it, but there was one thing he had not known—namely, that selfishness is the first step toward cowardice. True, he was cool enough under fire; he never hesitated to risk his skin when it came in the routine of his profession; he even risked it needlessly, from sheer perverseness, and his reputation for recklessness was a proverb among his fellows. He had been known to bring a stricken comrade in from the front. Thinking over the episode later, he knew that he had been actuated by no high motives of self-sacrifice; he had done it simply as part of the business. He was rather surprised when they praised him, for everybody else was under fire at the same time; and he knew that if he had not been there in the line of his own profession, and anyone had asked him to go out and risk his life in that way, he would have indignantly refused. At times his recklessness amounted to imbecility in the eyes of his friends. Sutherland, commenting on it one evening, observed that Harewood was troubled with an annoying malady called *youth*. But this recklessness, when he showed it, was not ignorance of fear; it was self-disgust. There were many other occasions when, being on good terms with himself, he had taken the tenderest care of his precious person. This self-solicitude was not normal prudence; it was a form of fierce selfishness that attacked him like an intermittent disease. Some day, he was thinking now, it might attack him at the wrong moment; and at such moments the hesitation of selfishness is known as cowardice.

As he leaned there before the mirror, looking blankly into his own handsome eyes, something of this came to him in a sudden flash that shocked him; for the idea of personal cowardice had never entered his mind. The bare possibility of such a thing made him loathe himself. He gazed, startled, at that other face in the mirror as though he had detected a criminal, a secret assassin of himself who had fawned and flattered him through all those years, a treacherous thing that now suddenly leered at him, unmasked, malignant, triumphant.

In that bitter moment, as he stared back at the face in the mirror, he realised for the first time in his life that he had detected himself. Hitherto his fits of depression and repentance had been followed by nothing but self-contempt which led to recklessness. Now he saw more; he saw his own soul, warped and twisted with egotism; he saw the danger of the future, the possibilities of ruin and disgrace, the end of everything for a man in this world, detected cowardice.

And he realised something else, something still more amazing: he realised that, for the last ten minutes, there had been two faces in the mirror before him: one, his own, sombre and marred with boyish cynicism; the other a vaguer face, a face of shadows faintly tinged with colour, a dim, wistful face, pure and sensitive as a child's, a face whose wide brown eyes were fixed on his, asking a question that his soul alone could answer.

He drew himself up with an effort; presently he began to pace the room. Who was this girl, this child that haunted the solitude of his egotism, whose memory persisted among all other memories? Had he harmed her? Had the idle caress of a moment left him responsible? In the impulse to answer this he turned to cynicism for aid; but it gave him no aid, and when he tried to understand why this thought should occupy him, it suddenly occurred to him that there existed such a thing as moral obligation. When he had clearly established this in his mind, he went farther, and found that he himself was amenable to the moral law, and this surprised and attracted him. A girl, then, had certain moral rights which a man was bound to respect. The proposition was novel and interesting.

"If that is so," he said aloud, "life is not an impromptu performance, but a devilish serious rehearsal."

He lit a cigarette and walked to the door. "If that is the proper solution of life," he thought, "it's not as amusing as my solution; but perhaps it wasn't meant to be." He blew a succession of smoke-rings toward the ceiling. "Anyway, seeing it in that light, there does not appear to be much opportunity for introducing side-steps of one's own."

By this time he had reached the head of the stairs outside the landing. "No side-steps," he repeated, "no gags, no specialties. I'm to keep time to the fiddle, that's my business." His mind was clear now, his heart lighter than the zephyrs that blew fitfully through the open shop-door. Life in earnest should begin for him, a life of renunciation, self-suppression, an even, equitable life, orderly, decent, and, above all, morally unselfish.

As he set foot on the last stair, preoccupied, entranced, hypnotised at the spectacle of his own moral regeneration, Hildé turned the corner of the passage. She blushed when she saw him and hesitated, a distracting picture of perturbation.

He had made up his mind to ask forgiveness, to assure her of his esteem for her, to acknowledge his inexcusable fault. That 's what he had come downstairs for; but now, when he looked at her, he realised that it was too late. There was nothing he could say which would not hurt her. The quality called tact is highly developed in the selfish. This is not a paradox; generosity has nothing to do with tact. Harewood's regeneration had not as yet robbed him of his tact. "I was going into the city," he said; "have you any commission that I could execute?"

"Thank you," said Hildé faintly.

"Perhaps Mademoiselle your sister——"

"Thank you, Monsieur."

He acquiesced with a bow. "Monsieur Bourke and I would esteem it an honour to be entrusted with any commission from you," he said stiffly, and marched down the steps into the street.

"But, Monsieur, you have forgotten your hat!" cried Hildé.

In the absurdity of the situation his dignity collapsed, and he turned around, hot with chagrin. Hildé stood in the doorway scarlet with confusion; for a second they faced each other, then gravity fled, and a gale of laughter swept the last traces of embarrassment away.

"Is luncheon ready?" asked Harewood, reascending the steps. "My feelings are hurt," he insisted; "an omelette is the only balm I will consider."

Hildé smiled a little, and took courage. "The balm is ready," she said; "Yolette and I have finished luncheon. Will you come into the dining-room?"

The luncheon was a modest affair—a bottle of white wine, a frothy omelette, a bit of rye-bread, nothing more; but to Harewood, sitting there opposite Hildé, it was enough. If Hildé appeared charming in embarrassment, she was delightful in her shy mirth. Moreover, he had never believed that he could be so witty, for surely he must have been exceedingly witty to stir Hildé to laughter as capricious and sweet as the melody of a nesting thrush.

Yolette came in from the garden, smiling and wondering a little. "Hildé," she exclaimed, "what is so funny?"

"I suppose I am," said Harewood; "the laughter of Mademoiselle Chalais is as melodious as it is disrespectful. Ah, but now I must ask your advice on a very grave question. How are we to address you? Which is Mademoiselle Chalais, and which is Mademoiselle Yolette, or Mademoiselle Hildé?"

"You may take your choice," said Hildé, with a bright smile, "because, you see, we are twins. Only," she added, "I feel millions of years older than Yolette."

Yolette protested indignantly, and for a moment they all three chattered like sparrows in April, laughing, appealing to each other, until Yolette fled to the garden again, her hands pressed over both ears.

"Well," said Harewood, "nobody has answered my question, after all."

Hildé's eyes were brilliant, and her cheeks aglow as she watched Yolette through the window. "Perhaps it would be simpler," she said, "to call us both by our first names." She rose and opened the window that faced the garden. "Yolette," she called softly.

"What, dear."

"Shall Monsieur Harewood call us both by our first names?"

"Yes," laughed Yolette; "but he must be very formal with Schéhérazade."

Harewood looked round at the girl beside him, at her brilliant colour, at her eyes, vague and sweet under their silken fringe. "Then I am to call you 'Hildé,'" he said. He had not meant to speak tenderly.

"Oh," stammered Hildé, "it is merely a matter of convenience, isn't it?" She had not meant to say that, either.

"Of course," he replied.

They closed the window and stepped back into the room. After a moment's silence Hildé said: "If you are going into the city, will you do something for me?"

"Indeed I will," he answered quickly, touched by the sudden confidence.

She handed him a coin, a silver franc; her face grew serious. "It is for the ambulance," she said; "we could not give it last week. The bureau is opposite the Luxembourg Palace. Will you drop it into the box?"

"Yes," he replied gravely.

"Thank you. Shall you come back to dinner?"

"Yes," he said, lingering at the door. Suddenly that same impulse seized him to take her in his arms again; the blood stung his cheeks as his eyes met hers. Her head drooped a little; he knew she would not resist; he knew already she felt the caress of his eyes; the colour deepened and paled in her cheeks, but he did not stir. Presently he heard a voice—his own voice—saying: "Then adieu, Mademoiselle Hildé."

She answered with an effort: "Adieu, Monsieur."

A moment later he was in his own room, standing before the mirror, facing his own reflection with a lighter heart than he had carried for many a day. "Hang it!" he said, shaking his fist at the mirrored face. "I 'll show you who is master!" The form in the glass smiled back, shaking a clenched fist.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE CITY.

As Harewood crossed the Rue d'Ypres and passed along the façade of the barracks opposite the Rue Malaise, he met the Mouse face to face. "Oho!" he cried, "so you 're the gentleman who broke my head! Now, do you know, I think I 'll break yours."

The Mouse's face expressed not only genuine amazement, but righteous indignation, and his protestations of innocence appeared to be so sincere that Harewood hesitated, one hand twisted in the fellow's collar, and the other drawn back for a hearty cuff.

"Monsieur," moaned the Mouse in accents of pained astonishment, "what is it you do? Would you assassinate a stranger? Help, help! Police!"

"Didn't you crack my head last night on the Rue d'Ypres?" demanded Harewood.

"I, Monsieur," exclaimed the Mouse, overcome at the enormity of such an accusation; "I, a father of a family? Do you take me for some prowler of the outer boulevards, because my clothes are old and stained by the sweat of labour?" Here he relapsed into a snivel.

Harewood's hand fell upon the Mouse's throat. He looked at the fellow, puzzled and undecided, but not convinced. The Mouse's right hand began to move, very slowly, almost imperceptibly, towards his tattered pocket. "Monsieur," he whined, "I am overcome, I am hurt. I am——" Harewood sprang back in the nick of time as a knife flashed close to his eyes. "*Tiens pour toi! Va donc, crétin!*" muttered the Mouse, darting at him again; and

again Harewood leaped back before the broad glitter of the knife.

Then, in a moment, the Mouse turned, scuttled across the street, and fled down the Rue Malaise. After him sped two police-agents, flourishing their short swords and filling the silent street with cries of "*A l'assassin! A l'assassin!*"

Harewood, much interested and excited, watched the flight of the Mouse with mingled feelings of uneasiness and admiration. The scanty crowd that gathered along the line of pursuit took up the cry like a pack of lean hounds; and Harewood, whose character was composed of contradictions, and whose sporting instincts were always with the undermost, found himself watching the flight with a sudden sympathy for the tattered creature. The Mouse ran, doubled, twisted, and wriggled into the Passage de l'Ombre, the pack at his heels, while Harewood hastened back towards the Rue d'Ypres, knowing that the Mouse must pass there again.

As Harewood stood at the head of the street, suddenly the Mouse turned the corner, and to Harewood's surprise came straight towards him. His face was haggard and dusty, his legs dragging, his single eye bloodshot and sunken. He had thrown away the knife, his cap was gone, and his greasy coat streamed out behind him, laying bare a bony throat. When he saw Harewood there came over his face such a look of blank despair that the young fellow's heart melted. At the same moment they both caught the roar of the crowd, sweeping through the Rue d'Ypres.

That the Mouse expected Harewood to trip him up as he passed was evident, for he swerved out into the street on the right.

"Turn to the left!" shouted Harewood. "I'll not stop you!" The ragged fellow hesitated, panting, his solitary eye burning in its socket. "That way," said Harewood, and he waved him toward a narrow alley separating the Rue Pandore from the parade of the Prince Murat Barracks. It was a *cul-de-sac*, a trap, and the Mouse knew it. "Run, you fool!" urged the other. "Here, throw me your coat, quick! Don't be afraid; I'll not hurt you. Stand still!" He stripped the tattered coat from the Mouse's back, flung it into the Rue Malaise, then shoved the Mouse into the Impasse Murat. Crouching there, close to the railings of the parade-ground, the Mouse heard the chase pass at full speed, heard a yell as the crowd found his coat in the Rue Malaise, and then the clatter and trample of feet, which died away down the Passage de l'Ombre.

Harewood laughed. "Au revoir, my innocent friend," he said; "if you can't get away now, your hide's not worth saving."

The Mouse gazed at him with a face absolutely devoid of expression, then, without a word, he crept out of the Impasse and glided away toward the city.

Whatever was capricious and contrary in Harewood's nature was now in the ascendant. He chuckled to himself over the escape of the Mouse, and the paradoxical, if not unjustifiable part he himself had played in it. Why he had done it, he did not stop to inquire, whether from pure perversity, or from a nobler, if equally misguided motive; or was it the impulse of a sportsman whose instinct is to save the quarry for another run? Without troubling to ask himself, he walked on toward the Boulevard Montparnasse, pleased with the memory of the exciting spectacle he had witnessed, laughing to himself now and then, until he remembered Hildé and the mission she had entrusted to him. Feeling in his pocket for the silver franc, he drew it out and examined it. His face was sober now; he held the coin a moment, turning it over and over between his fingers, then dropped it into the other pocket along with his key and knife. And as he had decided to keep it for himself, in its place he dropped another coin into the ambulance-box opposite the Luxembourg Palace, a coin of gold instead of silver, for Hildé's sake.

The streets of Paris presented a curious spectacle for a city that was on the eve of investment by a victorious foreign army—curious because they appeared to be so absolutely normal. Omnibuses and cabs were running as usual; the terraces of the cafés were crowded with gaily dressed people; all the shops were open, and children romped and played in the Luxembourg Gardens exactly as though the Emperor still sat in the Tuileries. In the Rue de Tournon an organ-grinder filled the street with the strains of "Deux Aveugles" and "Mignon"; along the Rue de Medici double lines of cabs stood, the drivers yawning on their boxes, while on every side-street, crying their wares, itinerant hawkers, vendors of ballads, lemonade-sellers with their wooden clappers, moved along the gilded iron railings of the Luxembourg under the shade of the chestnut-trees.

On the Boulevard St. Michel, however, the backwater of the human tide that ebbed and surged ceaselessly across the right bank of the Seine bore on its surface some indications that the nation was at war. Here and there flame-coloured posters clung to kiosks and dead walls; proclamations, calls to arms, notices to the National Guard, and now and then an insulting placard directed against the Emperor. Here, too, some wretches were trying to sell scandalous pamphlets attacking the Imperial family; alleged exposures of the secrets of the Tuileries, and even blackguardly verses directed against the Empress and her child. To the credit of the Latin Quarter these creatures found few customers, and were finally hustled out of the streets, even before the ordinance of the police directed the confiscation of such literature and a proper punishment for the offenders. But these posters and appeals were not the only signs of war visible along the Boulevard St. Michel; battalions of the National Guard were making an unusually noisy exhibition of themselves, parading in front of the Sorbonne, drums and bugles drowning the roar of traffic on the boulevard. In the cafés, too, strange uniforms began to appear, uniforms as ridiculous, for the most part, as the people who wore them; independent companies organising for the defence of the city, styling themselves Children of Montrouge, Avengers of Montparnasse, Scouts of St. Sulpice—all equally vociferous and unanimously thirsty.

As for the city itself, it was strangely tranquil after a night of celebration, over the safe return of Vinoy's 13th Corps, and a morning of rejoicing at the news that the United States had instructed its Minister, Mr. Washbourne, to recognise the *fait accompli*, and consider himself in future as accredited Minister to the Republic of France. In the Café Cardinal a few *cocottes* still wore miniature American flags in their buttonholes, and here and there, over the entrances to cafés and concert-halls, the Stars and Stripes waved brightly in the September sun.

As for a very serious comprehension of the situation, so far as the public went, there was none. On Sept. 3, after the news of the Emperor's capture at Sedan had been confirmed by the Comte de Palikoa, the Parisians occupied themselves with an amusement always congenial to the true Parisian—a riot. This riot, which has passed into history as the Revolution of Sept. 4, was refreshingly bloodless and amazingly decisive. It swept the dynasty of Napoleon III. from France; it made the Empire a legend, and it proclaimed the Republic through the medium of Monsieur Gambetta's lusty lungs. In other words, the French people committed the enormous folly of swapping horses while crossing a stream, and when, in the face of an enemy flushed with victory, the Parisians laid violent hands on the throat of their own Government and strangled it, even Moltke must have relaxed his stern visage at the hopeless absurdity of such a people. For if the Government had erred, was that the time to reckon with it? An established Government represents—at least, theoretically—

Harewood hesitated, one hand twisted in the fellow's collar, and the other drawn back for a hearty cuff.

a basis and security that a revolutionary Government cannot have in time of invasion and instant need. And after all, by what right was the Republic proclaimed? There had been no appeal, no plebiscite; no majority had exercised the right of suffrage; not a vote had been cast. Violence alone had decided the fate of a Government which also had been founded upon violence.

On that fatal 3rd of September Paris was still quiet, perhaps stunned by the news of the frightful disaster at Sedan; but, in the minds of the people, the revolution was already a thing accomplished. Nevertheless, there was still time left to save the sole prerogative of importance at that hour—the right of national representation. It was merely necessary that the deputies should frankly accept the propositions advanced: the announcement of the abdication of the Executive; the nomination by the Chamber of a Government for the national defence; and the convocation of a *Constituante* so soon as circumstances permitted.

Unfortunately, dynastic considerations prevailed over sincere and enlightened patriotism; time was frittered away in mutual recriminations, and, before the Chamber could agree on any plan of action, the storm burst. At eleven o'clock in the morning vast masses of National Guards, Mobiles, and Franctireurs, accompanied by citizens equipped with all sorts of weapons, began to gather on the Place de la Concorde. At three o'clock the human wave broke against the Palais Bourbon with a roar, "Vive la République! La déchéance!" That was the golden moment for the members of the Extreme Left, and they knew their opportunity. Like bandits of comic opera, they dissembled and left the Chamber by various exits, only to reunite outside. Acclaimed by the mob, they hastily transported themselves to the Hôtel de Ville. There they immediately made themselves into a Government, the members of which were exclusively composed of the Deputies of Paris, excepting General Trochu, who was to secure the Presidency, at the same time reserving for himself the post of Governor of Paris. Jules Favre was designed for Vice-President. Meanwhile the Senate, holding a solemn session across the river, retired about three o'clock, after a few puerile protestations of fidelity to the captive Emperor.

But even after the invasion of the Chamber, the Corps Législatif refused to consider itself worsted. Jules Favre and Jules Simon were sent to woo the prodigals at the Hôtel de Ville, and were snubbed for their pains. Then that wily little revolution-monger, Thiers, counselled moderation and patience, and went away to sit in a corner and think. As yet even he could not foresee the red spectre of March 18; but they who rise by violence shall fall again by violence so long as the dreary old proverb lasts.

So, on Sept. 5, 1870, the walls of Paris were covered with proclamations to the people and to the army, setting forth in sonorous phrases that a Government had been constituted and ratified by popular acclamation. Constituted was a word as audacious as it was dangerous. Seven months later the Commune profited by the abuse of it. As for the ratification, that was perhaps true; and that was the sole excuse for the men who so impudently invested themselves with a power the burden of which was destined to crush them.

However, the people liked the new Government; Belleville howled joyously, and dragged Rochefort from the prison of Ste. Pélagie, and the Government dared not refuse to swallow its medicine, or deny this sop to Belleville.

Jules Favre shrugged his shoulders and said he would rather have Rochefort in the Government than outside, an epigram which pleased everybody. A few conservative people, however, cooled a little when the former farce-writer, Arago, was made Mayor of Paris. Then, on Sept. 6, Jules Favre, Minister of Foreign Relations, committed the first official folly of his new career by publishing in a diplomatic circular note the following phrase: "We will relinquish neither one inch of our territory nor one stone of our fortresses," well knowing that a few days later he should go to Ferrières on that heart-breaking mission which all the world has heard of.

The Proclamation of the Republic stirred the masses to such an effervescence of joy that nobody thought any longer of the Prussians. Everything appeared safe under the magic name of a Republic. To a population alternately stunned and stung to fury by despatches which for six weeks past had announced one unbroken series of disasters, the situation seemed already less desperate. Toul, Belfort, Strasburg, and Metz still held out; the provinces, it was believed, were rising *en masse*; there were serious rumours afloat concerning the disaffection of the Saxon and Bavarian troops, particularly of the latter, and the more sanguine of the Parisians looked confidently to the United States, now a sister Republic, as a probable ally. Some even thanked God that there would be no more disastrous rumours concerning the army of Châlons, because the army of Châlons had ceased to exist except as an army of prisoners.

As for the new Government, no sooner had it been installed, than energetic measures for the defence of Paris were pushed forward on every side. One of the most important questions of defence concerned the provisioning of the city and the forts; and had Monsieur Magnin, who succeeded Monsieur Clément Duvernois as Minister of Commerce, displayed the good judgment and activity of his predecessor, the history of the siege of Paris might have been written differently. Flour, grain, hay, straw, cattle, sheep — nothing was forgotten by Monsieur Duvernois, not even a supply of mill-stones for grinding cereals. As for his successor, his mania was economy, and it is a pity that he alone was not obliged to endure the consequences. Of all guilty fools responsible for their nation's humiliation, the economical fool is the most deserving of perdition. Under the new military reorganisation, the Government hastened to equip the sixteen forts and the various redoubts and batteries that surrounded Paris and Saint Denis, in an oval measuring sixty kilomètres in circumference. Not only was it necessary to construct emplacements, gun-platforms, casemates, magazines, bomb-proofs, and store-houses, but it was also imperative that the water-supply should be assured, mines planted, electric firing communications installed, and electric lights placed. Telegraphic communication with Paris, signalling by semaphores, intrenchments and redoubts connecting the forts—all these were necessary; but before the lines could be definitely established, a whole series of suburban villages were barricaded and loopholed. Inside the first barrier of defence lay the fortifications of the city proper, divided into ninety-four bastions and nine sectors, each of the latter commanded by an Admiral or a General. The city, therefore, was divided into nine sections, each section having its commander, whose duties were civil as well as military, and who, in concert with the municipal authorities included in his district, was responsible for the maintenance of order, the policing of the ramparts and streets, and the organisation of the National Guard. This scheme was admirable, and, had it been maintained after the end of the siege until the city resumed its normal condition, the Commune might have been impossible.

Thus the city was surrounded by a double line of defence, the forts outside the walls and the fortifications proper. But this was not all. Belleville, that rabbit-warren of the tag-rag and bob-tail, that ever simmering cauldron of anarchy, lifted up its voice and bawled for barricades. To keep the vivacious denizens of that quarter in good humour the Government permitted them to surround the outer boulevards with a third line of defence in the form of barricades. This they did with an enthusiasm and ability that was none the less suspicious because superintended by Henri Rochefort. For the defence of the forts and the ramparts, twenty-two hundred cannon were mounted, and three hundred held in reserve. These cannon were served by fifteen thousand artillerymen, including marine-gunners and engineers. The garrison itself consisted of—

(1) Two army corps, the 13th, Vinoy's (the Mézières Prodigals), and the 14th, commanded by General Ducrot; about sixty thousand men in all, with one hundred and fifty field-pieces. Vinoy's men were camped on the left bank of the Seine, Ducrot's on the right.

(2) One hundred and five thousand Mobiles from every department of France. They were distributed between the forts and the city.

(3) Seven thousand sailors from the war-ports on the coast; five thousand customs-guards, forest-guards, and ex-policemen.

(4) About sixty Franc corps, more or less unruly and useless; a total of nearly fifteen thousand men.

(5) A few thousand regular troops at Saint Denis, brave, devoted men.

(6) Two hundred and sixty-six battalions of the National Guard; a nuisance to everybody except them selves, partly on account of the foolish policy pursued by their superiors in keeping them inside the ramparts instead of habituating them to the discipline and severe *régime* of active service outside the city, partly on account of the elective system common to each battalion.

Anybody might believe, after this long enumeration of defensive works, that the labour of transforming Paris into a vast fortress was pushed with unexampled, not to say miraculous, speed. That was not the case, and two Generals of Engineers, whose names need not be mentioned, were to blame. With the German armies within a few days' march from Paris, with the two great redoubts of Châtillon and Montretout unfinished, these Generals did not think it necessary for the work to be continued through the night. With energy, and the employment of ten or fifteen thousand workmen, Châtillon and Montretout could have been saved before the arrival of the Germans. More than that, there existed weak points along the ramparts that were criminally neglected, especially at the Bas Meudon gate, where the moat was scarcely begun, and not a mine was placed.

Was Moltke badly informed? Was Bismarck asleep? Where were their spies? The German army, with a little audacity, could have made itself master of Paris during the first days of investment. It would merely have been sufficient to mass rapidly, during the night, a corps of twenty thousand resolute men between Sèvres and Bas Meudon. This corps, composed of equal divisions of cavalry, artillery, and infantry, could have been hurled at the Bas Meudon gate, where only a handful of Mobiles stood guard. At the same time the cavalry, arriving at a gallop along the Vaugirard and Point du Jour bastions, could have sabred the cannoniers and National Guards on the ramparts, leaving the artillery to unlimber behind the Ceinture railway-lines and hold the ground against any attack. Reinforcements could have arrived from Sèvres and Versailles unharassed except by the fort of Issy.

It was too simple, perhaps, for the great German masters of strategy. If, therefore, the work on the defences of Paris attained really splendid results, the credit was neither due to the two Engineer Generals nor to the apathy of the Germans; it was due, strange as it may appear, to Haussmann. The work could never have been accomplished had not the Government been able to summon to its aid the splendid army of contractors and their men, schooled, during Monsieur Haussmann's magnificent administration, to undertake and execute vast enterprises of construction and demolition with incredible rapidity. How the irony of history repeats itself!

(To be continued.)

Photo London Stereoscopic Co.

Sir John Voce Moore, Lord Mayor-Elect

Photo Russell.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sheriff Probyn.

Photo London Stereoscopic Co.

Alderman and Sheriff Alliston.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR AND SHERIFFS.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR AND SHERIFFS.

Sir John Voce Moore, the Lord Mayor-Elect on the unanimous vote of the Aldermen of the City of London, was born in 1826 at Stockport, where his father was a merchant. He himself came to London over fifty years ago, and he is now head of the large firm of Messrs. Moore Brothers, tea-merchants. He settled in Candlewick Ward, and he first entered the Common Council as its representative. That was in 1870; and after nineteen years of service he was elected an Alderman for the same ward. In 1894 he was a Sheriff, and was knighted in honour of the opening of the Tower Bridge and of the birth of an heir to the throne in the direct line, Prince Edward of York. He is a member of the Loriners' Company; and his politics, it may be interesting to note in view of the forthcoming Ministerial banquet, are those of the Government now in power. Sir John married in 1847 Eliza, daughter of Mr. Philip Wilsea, of Norwich, but he has been a widower for some years; and his only daughter, Mrs. John King-Farlow, will do the honours of Lady Mayoress during his term of office.

The new Sheriffs, elected in succession to Mr. Alderman Frank Green and Mr. Dewar, are Mr. Alderman Alliston and Colonel Clifford Probyn, the latter a well-known worker on the London County Council. Their past record is the best promise of their thorough efficiency in the discharge of their future duties; and the Lord Mayor-Elect went out of his way the other day to thank publicly the Liverymen who had appointed "two such excellent Sheriffs," who, besides being old friends of his own, were both "gentlemen of very active disposition and of very considerable eloquence and intellectual power." The Shrievalty of Colonel Clifford Probyn is certainly, as the Lord Mayor-Elect said, a happy augury for the recognition of what ought to be the common interest of both the Corporation and the Council—the good government of London, and the well-being of the population within and without the City bounds. The senior Sheriff is the head of the firm of Messrs. Alliston and Co., English and Foreign Warehousemen, in Friday Street. He entered the Corporation in 1878 as a member of the Court of Common Council for Bread Street Ward, and last year he was elected its Alderman. He is a member of the Cordwainers' Company. His colleague, Colonel Clifford Probyn, is the head of the firm of Messrs. Hooper, Struve, and Co., mineral water manufacturers, Pall Mall East, and is a retired officer of the Queen's Westminster Volunteers. He is a member of the Pattenmakers' Company, a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for the County of London, and a member of the County Council. This does not end the list of his administrative experiences; for he has sat, as well, upon the London School Board.

ESQUIMALT HARBOUR, VANCOUVER ISLAND, BRITISH COLUMBIA, OUR NEW NAVAL STATION.

This is to be formed into an impregnable fortress, and will be the Gibraltar of the Pacific.

From a Photo by Russell and Sons

THE HOME-COMING OF THE GUARDS: THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE CONGRATULATING THEM ON THE PARADE-GROUND, WELLINGTON BARRACKS.

"THREE CHEERS FOR THE DUKE!"

EVENTS OF THE DAY.

In view of the extreme difficulty of the situation in China, the appointment of Sir Edward Seymour to the command of the Chinese Squadron is satisfactory, for he is a sailor of distinction. Sir Edward comes of a famous race of seamen. The family are of Irish origin. Sir Michael Seymour, who lost his arm in action, was born in 1768, and was made a Baronet in 1809. Two of his sons entered the Navy, the elder, Sir Michael, being knighted. The present Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, formerly Naval A.D.C. to the Queen, is the grandson of the first Baronet, while Sir Edward is another grandson. Sir Edward was born in 1840, and entered the Navy when he was twelve. He became Commander at the age of twenty-six, Vice-Admiral when he was forty-five. He has seen a great deal of service, in the Black Sea during the Russian War, in the China War of 1857-60, and again in 1862. In fighting against the pirates on the West Coast of Africa in 1870, he was wounded. He commanded the *Iris* during the Egyptian War of 1882. He was a Naval A.D.C. to the Queen (like his cousin the present Baronet) in 1887-89, and was second in command of the Channel Squadron in 1892 94. Sir Edward holds the Royal Humane Society's medal, and he was made a K.C.B. last year. He is unmarried. One of his nephews, Hugh Seymour, is a midshipman.

Photo Maull and Fox.

ADMIRAL SIR E. SEYMOUR, K.C.B.

The Duke of Connaught's command at Aldershot has been a memorable one, and it could not have ended more appropriately than it did on Saturday, when his Royal Highness held a final parade, and, in words warmer than those of mere convention, said his final farewells. Nearly ten thousand troops gathered on the Queen's Parade, under the command of General Barnard; and there were many outside onlookers, including a party from the Empress Eugénie's residence at Farnborough, when the Duke rode on to the ground, with a large staff of officers, and was received with a royal salute. The Duke said he thought he was leaving that command in a thoroughly efficient state, and he thanked everybody for the cheerfulness with which extra duty had been done and new work had been handled. The Duke then shook hands with the officers, and rode slowly behind the royal carriages along the line of troops towards Government House, while the bands played "Auld Lang Syne." The wives of the officers presented the Duchess of Connaught with a bunch of flowers; and both she and the Duke were visibly moved by the many signs of affectionate goodwill that were shown them.

The great unrest which is so evident in France has given the Imperialists another hope. The Duke of Orleans is, it is said, being guarded against on the frontier, while the Bonapartist party is strengthened by Prince Victor Bonaparte's renunciation in favour of his brother Louis. These two Princes are the grandsons of the great Napoleon's youngest brother, Jerome. On the death of the Prince Imperial in 1879 their father, Napoleon, who married Princess Clotilde, sister of the King of Italy, became head of the Bonapartists, although, be it remembered, the First Napoleon's elder brothers are still represented by Charles and Roland Bonaparte, the grandsons of Lucien. Prince

Photo Ocledly, Paris. Photo Pirou, Paris.

PRINCE VICTOR BONAPARTE AND HIS BROTHER, PRINCE LOUIS.

Victor was exiled with his father in 1886, and succeeded him in 1891. He lives a Bohemian life in Brussels, where he is more interested in horse-breeding than in empire-plotting. Louis, born in 1864, who is two years his junior, is an officer in the Russian Regiment of Guards named after the Czar's mother. He is a *persona grata* at the Russian Court, and is altogether a more strenuous person than Victor. Their only sister, Letitia, is by a rather curious stroke of irony the stepmother-in-law of Princess Hélène of Orléans, who married the Duke d'Aosta.

The Sirdar (who prefers to be Lord Khartoum, not Lord Kitchener of Khartoum) is a capital despatch-writer, and he perhaps knew it when he kept the correspondents in the background and the field unoccupied for himself. The Fashoda Expedition, however, found one chronicler, despite all precautions; and the Sirdar's report, published this week, adds little to the information of the public. That little is important, however, for it gives authoritatively Major Marchand's assertion of the official seriousness of his mission. He had been ordered by his Government to occupy the Jahr-el-Jebel, and also the Shilluk country on the left bank of the White Nile as far as Fashoda. He told the Sirdar, too, that he had concluded a treaty with the Shilluk chiefs, who had put their country under the protection of France. This statement, however, the Shilluk chiefs repudiated, and their subsequent conduct in coming to the British camp indicates that they spoke the naked truth. Of another thing the Sirdar is certain—that he saved the French Major and his dusky garrison from annihilation at the hands of the Dervishes, and only by a matter of some ten or fourteen days. As it is, the Major will return to France something of a hero, with the reputation of an intrepid traveller, who knew as well how to retire as how to advance. The story that his men fired two shots on the Sirdar's expedition is utterly false. The only pop that was heard was that of the cork of a bottle of champagne. Slower methods of negotiation among older diplomatic hands in London and Paris will lead to the same peaceful withdrawal of all claims of France on the territory jointly held by Egypt's right and by England's might.

On Oct. 8 the city of Liverpool received as guests a great number of men of note in the scientific world. Professor Virchow was present, and Lord Lister took the chief part in the proceedings. The occasion was the formal opening of the recently erected laboratories at University College. They are the gift of Mr. Thompson-Yates, and will be devoted to the study of physiology and pathology. Built at a cost of £30,000 to designs by Mr. Waterhouse, the new laboratories are equipped in a perfection only equalled in the endowed schools of the Continent. They will provide accommodation for the lectures and practical classes which the medical student has to attend, and will also enable those engaged in experimental and research work to pursue their labours under the best possible conditions for success. Among those who

THE THOMPSON-YATES HISTOLOGY LABORATORY, LIVERPOOL.

were present at the ceremony were: Earl Spencer, the Duke of Westminster, Lord Kelvin, and Mr. Balfour (the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University), as well as many other leading men. Before the formal opening of the buildings the Lord Mayor presided over a great gathering at St. George's Hall, when Lord Lister delivered an address and received the honorary degree of the Victoria University at the hands of Earl Spencer, Chancellor of the University. This was followed at University College by a reception of the guests by Mr. E. Lawrence, in the absence of Lord Derby, and the ceremony of opening the doors of the Thompson-Yates Laboratories was performed by Lord Lister. The proceedings terminated with a dinner at the Town Hall, when a large company of distinguished guests were entertained by the Lord Mayor.

The desecration of William Penn's grave will not disturb the progress of an Anglo-American Alliance. When first the report came that an attempted exhumation of his bones had been frustrated by the barking of a dog, the news was accompanied by a suggestion that Pennsylvania was very keen to possess the dust of its founder. The desire may exist, but nobody in Pennsylvania would seek to gratify it by the despatch of a body-snatcher to the Buckinghamshire village of Jordans, not far from Chalfont St. Giles. That it was a madman whom the barking dog disturbed midway in his excavations, and a member, too, of the Society of Friends, of whom Penn ranks, perhaps, as the chief ornament, we gather from the fact that the man arrested gives his address as "The Retreat, York."

The Post Office Department, at the suggestion of the Duke of Norfolk, has made a collection for the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund, which is the richer in consequence by over £200. That is a good beginning and a good precedent too, and "it is very encouraging to his Royal Highness," the hon. secretaries of the fund say, "that an important Department should have behaved in this liberal manner." Other branches of the Civil Service are, then, invited to follow where the Post Office has led.

There has been a revival of late in the making of Mayoral badges and chains of office, Cardiff leading the way with the insignia presented by the Marquis of Bute. Carlisle, too, is now the possessor of a Mayoral badge, designed and manufactured for it in eighteen-carat gold by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company in Regent Street. It consists of two Norman shields, bearing the city arms, enamelled in the proper colours, and bearing between them the red heraldic rose. Below is a ribbon bearing the motto, "Be just, and fear not." Behind the shields are crossed sword and mace; above is an antique helmet, surmounted by the crest. The whole is hooped in by ornamental scroll-work, and the loop for attaching it to the chain is formed of entwined C's and a crown.

THE MAYORAL BADGE OF CARLISLE.

THE RETURN OF THE GUARDS FROM EGYPT.

ENGLISH HOMES.

No. XLIV.

Studley Royal.

THE walk to Studley Royal from Ripon is about three miles; and more than half of it can be taken through the Marquis of Ripon's well-wooded park. The most famous thing the property shows is not the eighteenth century Renaissance house of the owner. Any wayfarer you may meet will take for granted that you really want to see "the ruins," and will indicate the direction of Fountains Abbey. For that is the "show-place." The home of the Marquis and Marchioness of Ripon is not itself open to the public, and this by no breach of hospitality, the simple truth being that it possesses no features or contents of any special artistic or historical value. Fountains Abbey, a mile or so from the house, makes the public full amends, however. You approach it by a private gate if you are Lord Ripon's guest; but there is also a public entrance, with a nominal toll to pay towards the expenses of its custody.

The Abbey grounds are exceptionally well kept, too well kept, perhaps, to be quite appropriate. For the lovely ruins stand in the midst of a neatly ordered flower-garden. The desolation and the culture do not quite harmonise together. Of the twelve acres this Abbey of monks of St. Bernard occupied when it was "dissolved" in 1537, two are still covered by these relics of it. The church, indeed, is wonderfully complete, except for its roof, and the refectory and chapter-house also are in so good a condition that people were sure to say, and did say, when their owner joined the Roman Catholic Church, that he would restore them. Such, however, has never been his intention, and he has built, near to the house, and opened to the public for Sunday worship, a little Roman Catholic church,—notable mostly for the coloured glass windows, designed by a well-known connoisseur, Mr. Hungerford Pollen. Though the latest, that is not the only structure which the present owners have added to the estate. For the parish church, shown in one of our Illustrations, and made evident by its high steeple to all the countryside, was built in memory of Lady Ripon's brother, after his murder by Greek brigands in 1871. Its interior is elaborately decorated; marble and bronze have their appropriate place; precious stones stud the panels. There are frescoes on walls and overhead; and the traveller's feet tread on mosaics in illustration of the Apocalypse. The river Skell, which flows through the valley, has had some of its waters diverted in favour of the Abbey, and gives it its dedication name, St. Mary of the Fountains. It is a river which has mystery as well as beauty, for it disappears in places, passes into caverns that are "measureless to man" only because they are too narrow for man to get into them to measure them, then breaks forth once more a silvery thread, to be again embedded underground.

It was by a chance that Studley Royal passed into the possession of Lord Ripon's uncle, the late Lord de Grey. Its owner, early in the last century, was Mr. John Aislabie, a man whose fame, in his own time, suffered by his financial indiscretions. He was the son of a Registrar of the Episcopal Court of York, who had for his second wife Mary, eldest daughter of Sir John Mallorie, Lord of the Manor of Studley Royal. Though in the service of an Archbishop, the senior Mr. Aislabie fought a duel, and was killed. Then the property passed, after the death of an elder brother, to the John Aislabie of notoriety. Ripon was his pocket borough, and he sat for it. He was its Mayor, too—a reminiscence worth noting at this time of a revival of civic service among magnates—even in Ripon itself. From being Treasurer of the Navy, he became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and at the close of 1719 he promoted and passed through Parliament the South Sea Company Bill, with the object of paying off the National Debt! In seeking to improve his country's credit, he made bankrupt his own. The shares were taken at a rush, they rose to a high premium, and then the crash came. Thousands of families were ruined, and amid the popular resentment which followed, Aislabie resigned the seals of office. Before a committee he made "a long, submissive, and pathetic speech in his own defence," but he was adjudged guilty of having furthered the South Sea scheme with a view to his own "Exorbitant Profit." Some talk was made of a forfeit of the Studley Royal estate, but the measure of Aislabie's misfortunes stopped short of that. There he sought to solace his enforced retirement from public life by such pastimes as the building of towers and temples and the construction of ornamental gardens—gardens of the kind in vogue before Wordsworth had taught the world to care for Nature, and before our landscape-painters had been adjured to "go find her, kiss her, and be friends again." He made "The Moon and Crescent Ponds," and he put up statues to Bacchus, to Neptune, to Galen. He planted some of the yews, "like to great Asgard lords," and the groves of conifers. One Norwegian pine he planted when his fortunes were lowest now rises to the height of over a hundred and thirty feet—the tallest in the park. It has a modest neighbour in a Wellingtonia, planted by the Princess of Wales in 1863, the year of her marriage. On the "artificial" waters his name is writ; perhaps more permanently than on even his Octagon Tower or his Temple of Piety, which still stands. The son of this statesman-in-exile who sought to show himself a stoic crossed the waters and acquired the Fountains estate. Mr. Aislabie's last descendant, a spinster, left her fertile lands to Lord de Grey, who was, indeed, a very distant cousin. It has been the home of Lord Ripon, except when he is at his beautiful house on the Chelsea Embankment, ever since he succeeded his uncle, for he never really lived on the Lincolnshire property that he lately sold.

Lord Ripon was thirty-two years of age when he came into Studley Royal. That was in 1859, when he succeeded both his father as Earl of Ripon and his uncle as Earl de Grey. His father, when Prime Minister, had earned, by a speech predicting a prosperity which the financial panic of 1825 rudely falsified, the ironical sobriquet of "Prosperity" Robinson. His son was named George, after George IV., a connection which his career hardly suggests. It has been reminiscent rather of his descent from Oliver Cromwell on his father's side, and from John Hampden on his mother's. Like the Duke of Argyll, he did not go to a public school or to a University, but was self-educated with the aid of tutors. In 1851 he married Henrietta, eldest daughter of the late Henry Vyner; and in the following year was born his only son, now known as Earl de Grey. It was as an advanced Radical that he entered Parliament in that same year, 1852, sitting first for Hull, then for Huddersfield, then for the West Riding of Yorkshire. He was made an Under-

Photo Elliott and Fry.

THE MARQUIS OF RIPON.

Secretary for War by Lord Palmerston, and no history of the Volunteer movement will be complete without a tribute to the hand he then lent in its organisation. He was afterwards Under-Secretary of State for India; and while serving as President of the Council in Mr. Gladstone's Administration from 1868 to 1873, he went to Washington on the Alabama Arbitration, and won a Marquisate. At that time he was also Grand Master of the English Freemasons. His appointment as Viceroy in India, in 1880, withdrew the Marquis of Ripon from his personal association with Studley Royal, but everybody is aware of the spirit in which he went. In reply to an address from some of their tenants, Lord and Lady Ripon wrote a joint letter on that occasion, in which they said: "We are both deeply sensible of the responsibilities to which we are called, and we can only hope that it may please God to give us strength to discharge them in the manner most simply in accordance with His will." That was exactly the mood of General Gordon, who accepted, though only for a short time, the post of secretary to the new Viceroy, and who wrote: "I have never met anyone with whom I could have felt greater sympathy in the arduous task he has undertaken. God has blessed India and England in giving Lord Ripon the Viceroyalty. He will succeed, in spite of all obstacles, for God is with him. He will rule in the strength of God, and not of man." Not the pious East itself could outdo in childlike dependence upon Providence the spirit thus expressed by, and about, Lord Ripon when he set forth on his Indian rule of three years. His restoration to English life was soon complete, and his local bonds were drawn closer than ever by his acceptance of the office of Mayor of Ripon in 1895.

Of his Viceroyalty in India there are mementoes, as is fitting, in Lord Ripon's Yorkshire home. They are not to be found in the house itself. There, indeed, are to be seen a number of family portraits, not exactly masterpieces; as well as a portrait, by Sir Joshua, of a man whom Lord Ripon, with all his glories of ancestry, cannot claim as a forefather, Samuel Johnson. There, too, may be admired, what is really the feature of the house, a great deal of wood-carving in cornices, fine of its kind. But these things seen, the favoured visitor may be invited to the "High Stables." Once, no doubt, they housed horses, but the Studley stables are now further from the house; and if you enter the "High Stables," as they are still called, expecting to see a horse, you may be momentarily startled by the apparition, instead, of tigers. The place, in fact, is now mainly a museum, and in it are stored the relics of that Indian rule—silver models of temples, carved curios, weapons, embroideries, and an array of wild beasts excellently well stuffed and mounted, many of which the ex-Viceroy himself shot. At Studley, like the true Yorkshireman he is, he keeps up his pleasure in sport. Not even his short sight deters him from his grouse-moors, which are among the best in the kingdom, though it necessitates the wearing of eyeglasses cunningly suspended from his headgear. The bags of his moors are nearly always record bags; for Lord de Grey, a crack shot, holds one of the guns.

The walk of a mile or so from Studley Royal to the Abbey is one that its owner often makes, by way of the private entrance from one to the other, apart from the Lodge through which the public passes. A man who lives in the hurly-burly of modern politics may easily find refreshment in recalling the tranquillity of others, his predecessors in possession, who lived simple and separated lives in days of long ago. Their monastery was all their world to those Cistercian monks, and the researches of antiquaries, together with the excavations made in 1854, have allowed the modern visitor almost to follow in the footsteps of the long-dead denizens of this fine specimen of mingled Transition-Norman and Early English architecture. There is the Galilee Porch; there the Chapel of the Nine Altars; there the nave, with its twenty-two bay windows, dating from 1147. There are the transepts, of the same age; and there the exquisite Choir and Lady Chapel. The Refectory is a hundred feet long and fifty feet wide. The Infirmary and its Chapel are close at hand; and so is the Hall of Pleas, in which the Court of the Liberty of Fountains was held. The Chapter-house, of a little later date, is attributed to Richard, the fourth Abbot, a former Prior of the famous house of the Order in France, the foundation of St. Bernard himself. The Calefactorium—the warmed shaving and bleeding room—is a vaulted chamber, containing two monster fireplaces, each six yards long, which usually mislead the tourist into calling it the kitchen. The Great Cloister is three hundred feet long by forty wide, and is divided by a row of nineteen columns. Above it is the Dormitory.

Few hymns are more popular in the England of to-day than the "Jerusalem the Golden" of St. Bernard. Born in 1091 of "noble and pious parents," and at a place called Fontaine, too, in Burgundy, he took the habit at Citeaux when he was twenty-three. Thence he went to Clairvaux to be its first Abbot. Before long his novices numbered seven hundred, among whom were a future Pope, six Cardinals, and thirty Bishops. So great was his vogue that he was a trusted arbiter among men and nations; and he had the honour of being a staunch defender of the Jews against the persecution and prejudice that went in waves over France, then as now. Before his death in 1153, at the age of sixty-three, he had founded one hundred and sixty monasteries—reckoning this as one of the number. Three letters are still to be read in which Bernard busies himself about the foundation of Fountains. It had a curious origin, characteristic of the age. For it had thirteen rebels and fugitives for its first Community: the Prior and twelve Brethren from St. Mary's Abbey at York, who had found the rule of that house much relaxed, and who therefore fled to the new foundation. In vain did the deserted Benedictine Abbot demand their return; in vain did he appeal to the Archbishop of York and to the Pope of Rome. They were rebels assuredly; but they were rebels for the sake of rising up, not for the sake of sinking down, and that made the difference. Thurstan, Archbishop of York, placed them at Fountains, and Bernard sent Geoffrey from Clairvaux to teach them the Cistercian rule. The first of Bernard's letters is to the very Abbot whose loss of his baker's dozen of men had thrown a slur on his "observance." He had appealed against the rebels to Bernard, who was quite alive to the delicacy of the situation. "I, indeed," he says, "cannot rashly determine whether the state they have left or that which they have embraced was the greater or less, the higher or lower, the severer or the more lax; but to you I declare that it is not at all desirable that you should set yourself to quench the Spirit. 'Hinder not him,' it is said, 'who is able to do good; but if thou canst, do good also thyself.'" There seems to be a sting in the tail of that quotation. The next letter is to the Archbishop of York, and is couched in very different terms. It tells him that his fame for good works is spread everywhere, and thanks him, as one "who honours the sanctity of another," for his "defence of the poor Religious who had no other helper." To the monks themselves he writes addressing them as men "who have become newly fervent with the fire from on high." The case of men "healthfully changing," he says, not, indeed, from bad men to good, but from good men to better, shows "a progress in holiness not less wonderful or less delightful than that of conversion." He goes on to say that "the rarest bird in the world is the monk who ascends ever so little from the perch he first reached," although "mediocrity is dangerously near to defect"; and he adds, "Who will grant unto me to cross over to you and see this great sight?" But that was not to be. Bernard never walked in these delightful glades, where, however, his name still sounds and resounds as an echo through these broken arches and deserted halls. These bygone memories are dear to local tradition; for every possessor of Fountains they must have had a fascination; for the present possessor they have it most of all.

The old city of Ripon is full of praises for its neighbour and Marquis. Its Town Hall was his gift; but that is not all. It is the example of devotion to duty shown by both Lord and Lady Ripon in all their habits of life, and in their relations with those about them, that makes them looked up to as leaders, by right of something higher than their rank, in all the country round.

ENGLISH HOMES: No. XLIV.—STUDLEY ROYAL.

FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

SIDE VIEW, LOOKING ON PRIVATE GARDENS.

ENGLISH HOMES.—No. XLIV.

THE RIVER SKELL IN THE GROUNDS OF FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

THE CHURCH IN THE PARK.

STUDLEY ROYAL, THE SEAT OF THE MARQUIS OF RIPON.

ENGLISH HOMES: No. XLIV.—STUDLEY ROYAL.

GENERAL VIEW, WITH THE "HIGH STABLES."

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN PEACE COMMISSION NOW MEETING IN PARIS.

GENERAL R. CERERO.

SEÑOR MONTERO RIOS, PRESIDENT.

SEÑOR J. DE GARNICA.

SEÑOR W. Z. DE VILLAURRUTIA.

SEÑOR BUENAVENTURA ABARZUZA.

THE SPANISH COMMISSIONERS.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid. Senator Gray. Mr. Moore, Secretary. Mr. Day, President. Senator Frye. Mr. Davis.

THE AMERICAN COMMISSIONERS.

THE BRITISH EMBASSY, PARIS.

From Photographs by Russell and Sons.

A CORRIDOR.

SIR EDMUND MONSON, BRITISH AMBASSADOR.

Mr. Marling. Mr. Clarke Thornhill. Sir M. Gosselin. Mr. Harford. Sir B. Boothby. Mr. Monson. Mr. Tomley. Mr. Colvile Barclay. Sir Berkeley Sheffield.

Colonel Dawson. Mrs. Harford. Lady Gosselin. Sir E. Monson. Lady Monson. Mrs. Austin Lee. Captain Paget.

A GROUP AT THE EMBASSY.

THE BRITISH EMBASSY, PARIS.

THE LAWN ENTRANCE.

THE CHANCERY.

THE STATE SALOON.

THE WHITE STATE DRAWING-ROOM.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Sir Henry Lawrence: The Pacificator. By Lieutenant-General J. J. McLeod Innes. (The Clarendon Press.)
Leo Tolstoy: The Grand Mujik. A Study in Personal Evolution. By G. H. Perris. (Fisher Unwin.)
The King's Jackal. By Richard Harding Davis. (William Heinemann.)
Folks from Dixie. By Paul L. Dunbar. (James Bowden.)
In High Places. By M. E. Braddon. (Hutchinson and Co.)
Peggy of the Bartons. By B. M. Croker. (Methuen and Co.)
The Queen's Serf. By Miss d'Esterre-Keeling. (Fisher Unwin.)
Roden's Corner. By Henry Seton Merriman. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)
The Terror. A Romance of the French Revolution. By Felix Gras. Translated from the Provençal by Catharine A. Janvier. (William Heinemann.)

A mediæval Latin proverb, which says "those who walk upon a smooth and level road never think of all the toil it cost to make it level and keep it smooth," expresses best the immense but obscure service Sir Henry Lawrence did England in India at the supreme crisis of the Mutiny. Long years of patient work as "The Pacificator," little noted, or noted only to be thwarted, turned the scale of the loyalty of the native Princes, and thus more than once turned the scale of victory to our side. If he has to be enrolled among those "quos fama obscura recondit," it is only because he was among the first to fall at Lucknow, which his foresight, forethought, and precautions enabled to hold out till its relief crowned another with the glory in great part due to Sir Henry. He had served under six Governors-General, and but one of the six, Lord Dalhousie, withheld his implicit confidence from him, and withheld it upon a point which the Mutiny decided in Sir Henry's favour—the policy of conciliating the native chiefs. None of all the many and noble heroes of the Mutiny deserved better the epitaph which Sir Henry himself dictated for his tomb: "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty." General McLeod Innes has done his memory justice in this interesting memoir.

The great "Pacificator" at present, next, of course, to the Czar, is his Imperial Majesty's most famous subject, Leo Tolstoy, whose Life, by Mr. G. H. Perris, throws a strange ironic sidelight on the disarmament proclamation. Probably, indeed, the horrible persecution to which those Russian sects who hold war to be un-Christian are subjected, had much to do with Tolstoy's assumption of the prophet's mantle. As an evangelist, he is unlike other founders of Christian sects: in the first place, as being much more than a prophet—one of the chief literary lights of the century—and, in the second place, in being much less than a Christian—in the usual acceptation of the word—since Jesus is presumed to be only a man, the Bible only a literature, and Jewish theism only one of many foreign faiths; while the Acts, Epistles, and Book of Revelation are dismissed as unedifying and even demoralising, and of the Gospels only what seems to him intrinsically worth preservation is preserved. His own Gospel is built upon the four corner-stones of Non-Resistance, Chastity, Labour, and Internationalism. How Tolstoy came to be the Evangelist of this New Gospel is a most interesting story, which Mr. G. H. Perris tells admirably in a life of the Grand Mujik which is less a biography than "a study in personal evolution."

One of the first effects of the Tolstoy Gospel would be to put an end to the royal game of war, and to flood the world with kings in exile, like the royal personage Mr. Richard Harding Davis cynically describes in his "King's Jackal." This ex-King of Messina is so infamous as to make a gain of his infamy by selling for a large sum to the rebels the plan for reseating him upon his throne. That he sells therewith his dearest friends is a small consideration to him in comparison to the price of his treachery, which he needs for his Parisian debaucheries. He is foiled, discredited, and deserted, chiefly through the intervention of two Americans, an heiress and a journalist, and the curtain falls, a little illogically, upon the re-establishment of this worthless house upon the throne of Messina in the small person of the recreant exile's child. "The King's Jackal" has the great advantage of being illustrated by Mr. Charles Dana Gibson.

Another American importation—Mr. Paul Dunbar's "Folks from Dixie"—is also most fortunate in its illustrator, Mr. E. W. Kemble. We have never seen anything more admirable in its way than Mr. Kemble's pictures of negroes; and it is paying "Folks from Dixie" a high compliment to say that its racy sketches are worthy of their illustrations.

Miss Braddon's latest story, "In High Places," will seem confused and incoherent to the novel-reader of to-day, who has not the patience to distinguish a crowd of characters or to disentangle complicated plots. Its hero is the son of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who betrayed a charming lady into a clandestine marriage by personating Prince Charles. Her brother resented the equivocal marriage so furiously that he tore the fruit of it from its mother and had the child tattooed with a "V" upon the chest, while in charge of its foster-parents. Losing these parents by death and desertion at the age of seven, the child, by the irony of fate, found his first friend in Felton, the man who was then tramping to Portsmouth to assassinate there the boy's father, the Duke. After the Duke's assassination the child's lovely and winning face found him a new friend in a generous wastrel, the son of the notorious and disgraced monopolist, Sir Giles Mompesson; and as his page and *protégé* he grows up to the age of romance. At this age he falls in love with his own mother's—Lady Llanbister's—step-child, the daughter of a peer well on in years, whom his mother had married after the Duke's assassination; and how the hero's suit to the heroine prospered is not the least interesting of the many strands of narrative woven into "In High Places."

The first marriage of the heroine of Mrs. Croker's "Peggy of the Bartons" is not less unfortunate than that of Lady Llanbister, since Captain Goring is a hopeless scoundrel in all relations. He is not only a professional seducer, but a thief and traitor, and, indeed, it is only by the threat of an exposure of his robbery and treachery that he is dissuaded by the hero of the tale from the seduction of its heroine. He is forced to marry her, and after some years of mutual misery, he casts her off upon the false pretence that he was already married. Finally and effectually, they are separated by the Captain's appropriate death through the bite of a monkey, when the hero steps—a second Captain Dobbin—into his shoes, and a pretty story ends pleasantly.

Still another recruit to the ranks of the adventure story writers is Miss d'Esterre-Keeling. "The Queen's Serf" has one thrilling incident in it, an unsuccessful hanging—most happily unsuccessful, for 'twas the hero, not the villain, that hung by the neck, and not once, but twice. He was cut down while still alive, to have further but less exciting adventures in Spanish America and to find what convinced the world of his innocence. This is good enough to make a story out of. But one has a strong suspicion that the story was only a very secondary matter in Miss Keeling's mind, and that it was mainly written for the sake of the writing thereof. To the writing has been devoted an immense amount of care and no little study of Kentish dialects and forms of speech. Far be it from us to set up an opinion on Kentish speech in the early eighteenth century; but I am curious to know if this was a quite usual form: "Now am I at a why-not, or man never was. Oons! What a deal of do about a wench!" There is a great deal of that kind of thing. Sometimes one fancies oneself in the times of Shakspere, sometimes of Chaucer, and sometimes the idiom of Mr. Meredith is most of all suggested. You cannot help observing it, for Miss Keeling points out persistently the richness and the strangeness of her vocabulary, till one wishes for a little more story and less philology. Which is pure ingratitude, for these things are but the exaggerations of an admirable carefulness, and are mostly absent from such fine passages as the wooing of Roberts, the scenes that precede the execution of Ambrose, where one recognises delicacy of feeling and of workmanship that are very rare indeed in the kind of book to which Miss Keeling has rather unexpectedly devoted her talents.

Mr. Seton Merriman's last novel, "Roden's Corner," is like an express locomotive, whose giant driving-wheel takes some time in getting under way, but, once under way, whirls you along at breathless speed. If, however, you are some time in mastering all the details of floating a swindling concern for the manufacture of an article more deadly than matches or pottery-glaze with the money of the philanthropists who are bent upon the extirpation of this very business, at least you have an up-to-date picture of the commercial scandals of the hour. A very striking picture it is, but not in all points, we think, probable. It is hardly conceivable, for instance, that neither the philanthropists who were swindled, nor the manufacturers who were ruined by the establishment of this murderous factory, should not have discovered and exposed its horrors long before Roden had succeeded in making a corner in its product. However, this improbability hardly affects our interest in the fortunes of hero and heroine, and in the thrilling plots and crimes of an ideal villain.

All villains of to-day, not even excepting the Anarchists, pale before the sublime scoundrels of the French Revolution, of whom M. Felix Gras, in "The Terror"—excellently translated by Miss Catharine A. Janvier—gives us choice specimens. As the story has no hero and only a poor little hunted heroine, while its villains are many and monstrous, it rather reminds you of a pack of harriers coursing a hare. Its very title prepares you to sup full of horrors, and it is certainly not misleading in this respect; but these historical tragedies and ferocities, such as the September massacres and the execution of the King, are artistically interwoven with the story. Perhaps so devilish a miscreant as Calisto could not have been spawned even by "The Terror," and the one disappointment of the reader, as he closes this exciting romance, is that the guillotine, in devouring so many of her children, should have overlooked the most deserving of them all.

A LITERARY LETTER.

A few weeks ago I speculated in this Letter concerning the financiers who were responsible for the *Royal Magazine*, the new venture of Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Limited. It had been stated that the capital for the publication had been provided from an independent source—a source which was to be kept a secret. For my own amusement, I speculated that it would have been quite worth while for two existing firms to capitalise Messrs. Pearson in the venture. One of these was Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, who, after refusing to sell Messrs. Harmsworth's magazine might not have been unwilling to run a threepenny magazine of their own. The other was Messrs. Harmsworth themselves, who might have recognised that competition with oneself is often a sure way to increased success. I merely wished to hint that it would have been a very clever move on the part of either of these firms to capitalise Messrs. Pearson. I did not mean to imply that either firm had done so.

It is not true, however, as has been stated, that there was any clause in the will of the late Mr. W. H. Smith precluding his firm from entering into journalistic ventures; in fact, Mr. Smith's will, which I have studied, contains a specific clause to the effect that the partners now carrying on the business of booksellers, librarians, stationers, advertisement agents, and who may undertake "any business of a like nature," "have power to vary the nature of the business." It is now, however, understood in well-informed quarters that the financiers who have co-operated with Messrs. Pearson in starting the *Royal Magazine* are T. B. Browne and Co., the well-known advertising agents.

"In reference to your paragraph," writes a correspondent, "concerning the desirability or not of the edges of books being cut, there is another point of view than that of the bibliophile, although that appeals to you. There are good and definite reasons on the part of both publisher and bookseller for not introducing a cut book. So far as the publisher is concerned, to secure the same amount of margin as is now provided, and to cut the edges of the books, would represent at least ten per cent. on the cost of production. So far as the majority of country booksellers are concerned, the case is even stronger. Many a worthy old gentleman who invests a few pounds per annum at his bookseller's, enters a shop and spends an unconscionable time poring over the latest volumes. The type of book which generally interests the old gentleman in question is precisely the book which is never cut. Were it not so he would certainly read half a volume in one afternoon, and the remaining half the next, and would leave the book in anything but a fresh condition for the genuine customer when he came along. Whatever any individual London bookseller may say, it is certain that the overwhelming majority of country booksellers prefer books in the form in which they are at present provided by the Longmans, the Murrays, and the other great firms."

That is the case; but a certain number of booksellers have expressed themselves in the *Publishers' Circular* in favour of the cut book. But as I understand them—notably Mr. E. W. Coates, of Huddersfield—it is the novel and the more or less ephemeral book that they desire to be cut. Mr. Wilfrid Brown, indeed, expressly says that it is "books of momentary interest" that he thinks should be cut. But here the publisher's estimate of ten per cent. extra cost in paper comes in. I repeat that there can be no difference of opinion among bibliophiles. The width of margin was a matter concerning which the book-lover of an earlier day got mightily excited, and each and all of them carried an inch-rule to measure their treasures.

"Experience," writing to the *Publishers' Circular*, says that the public "*do like their books and magazines cut,*" and continues—

I have had two instances *this week* of expressions of dislike. One man to whom I had sent a parcel of books said to me, "You have sent me a *common* 'Sign of the Cross'; the *edges have not been trimmed at all.* Haven't you a better edition?"

Another customer asked at my counter for "The Christian." When it was handed to her she inquired, "What is the price?" "Four and sixpence, Madam." "Four and sixpence for a roughly finished book like this! What is the price of a *good* edition?"

But one can only repeat that novels do not count, and, further, that the bookseller should try and educate his customers in matters of taste.

The correspondence in the *Publishers' Circular* concludes with a letter from Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, who says—

As a collector, I loathe books cut by machinery; as one whose reading has mostly to be done in a hurry, I am obliged to limit my purchases to them. From careful inquiry, I know that the sale of many good books is reduced by their uncut pages.

There can be no real book-collecting—only mere book-buying—where purchases are limited to books cut by machinery. It would be interesting to know what books Mr. Harmsworth has added to his library of late. A certain amount of rubbish in fiction is all that is provided with cut edges. To refuse to buy because books are uncut is to exclude from one's library all the best memoirs, histories, and poems. And it will always be so.

Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. write to inform me that I was not accurate in my statement that *all* the American monthlies have suffered in England since the advent of the cheap magazines. As publishers of *Scribner's Magazine*, they admit to no falling-off. I am glad to publish the contradiction; my information, of course, was that of individual wholesale newsagencies, and their figures were probably based on a comparison of many years ago and to-day. Accepting Messrs. Sampson Low's statement as to the continued popularity of *Scribner's*, one is bound to recognise in the fact the keen interest taken in American life and history in this country, as out of the eighteen contributions to the October number ten of them deal entirely with American subjects. *Scribner's Magazine* is, however, so charmingly produced that I am very glad that it holds its own. To the October number Mr. C. D. Gibson contributes some of his delightful illustrations.

The new *édition de luxe* of George Meredith's works, in thirty-two volumes, concludes with a third volume of "Poems," in which the whole of the precious little volume of 1851 is reprinted, and with a volume of "Essays." The longest of these essays, the lecture delivered at the London Institution in 1877, "On the Idea of Comedy and the Uses of the Comic Spirit," has already been published in volume form, but the charm of the "Essays" to those who already possess "The Idea of Comedy" will be found in two review articles—one on Dr. Merivale's translation of Homer's "Iliad," the other on Mr. Frederic Myers's poem "St. Paul": the one essay appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* for 1868, the other in the *Fortnightly* for 1869. This library edition of Mr. Meredith's writings has already been much praised. It cannot be overpraised. Mr. Meredith's pre-eminence among living writers of fiction is now universally acknowledged.

That is why there is something to be said for the view that the title of "The Journalist," having once been announced as belonging to a partly written book of his, should have been left for Mr. Meredith unquestioningly. Most of us have read about this book again and again. Mr. Meredith has made no secret of the fact that he has written much of the story, which we may be sure will be a very vivid and penetrating presentation of many distinguished journalists—all of them now veterans. It may be that Mr. Keary did not know of Mr. Meredith's book. If he did not, there is little to be said, except that his book, with all its merits, has little to do with journalism. If he did—well then, it had better be left unsaid. Mr. Meredith clearly had no *rights.* We do not consider our right of the road when a beloved Prince is passing.

C. K. S.

1. Port Sunlight Oil and Cake Mills.
2. The Offices.
3. The Wharf.
4. Oil and Cake Mills, Sydney, N.S.W.
5. Office Interior.

PORT SUNLIGHT.

6. Bird's-Eye View of Port Sunlight.
7. Toilet-Soap Room.
8. Bookbinding Department.
9. Oil and Cake Mills, Vicksburg, U.S.A.
10. Binding Department.

THE PROGRESS OF PORT SUNLIGHT.

Have you ever thought that for the well-informed man a map of the County of Cheshire more than ten years old is of no use, for it actually omits the name of a town which even the savage South Sea Islander of to-day knows of? The omission was not the cartographer's: it was Cheshire's; for even the President of the Geographical Society in 1888 could not have foreseen that the bare strip of land by Bromborough Pool on the Mersey was to blossom into a beautiful little town giving work to over two thousand people on the spot, and to hundreds of others in America and in different parts of Greater Britain. The name of this world-famed town is Port Sunlight. Ten years ago cattle were grazing on this spot: to-day their place is taken by charming brick villas; and yet pasture which has disappeared in well-paved streets is made up for by the oil-cake that the town produces in abundance. When you read the story of this town you cease to believe that England is played out, and that America alone can build cities in a day.

In January 1886 Messrs. Lever Brothers started making soap at Warrington to the extent of twenty tons a week, and this quantity had increased by December to 270 tons. The great month of the year of Jubilee saw the Queen celebrating fifty years of her power and the progress of her realm; while Warrington witnessed as the output from the Sunlight works nine times fifty tons of soap. And Warrington at last could afford no more room for the industry; so the brothers bought fifty-two acres of land at Bromborough Pool, near Birkenhead, in the adjacent County of Cheshire, and settled down to business. To-day their holding has increased to 200 acres; though the up-to-date gazetteer would discuss it not in the term of acreage, but as the town of Port Sunlight, which is peopled by three thousand souls and has a manufacturing capacity of 2400 tons of soap per week. The town is remarkable (the faithful gazetteer would tell us) for its beautiful architecture, for its curious organisation, and for the quality of its products. And ten years hence even this information will be out of date, for Port Sunlight is only in its infancy. Its energy is boundless: for even round this one staple product there may cluster a series of different aspects of commercial enterprises, which will bring the mother country into closer contact with her children in the remotest corners of the Empire. Who says Romance is dead? Why Haroun Al Raschid himself, in his wildest moments of fantastic imagining, never conjured up so wonderful an Arabian Nights tale.

To insure their getting the best materials, the Levers (by name and nature) have taken to manufacturing for themselves some of the raw products of which soap is formed. One of the most important of these is cotton-seed and cocoa-nut oil. The former is manipulated at Port Sunlight, the seed being brought from Egypt. Barge after barge, laden with the cotton-seed which has been unloaded from steamers in the Mersey, are brought safely into Port Sunlight harbour, and raised by means of an elevator to the top storey of a towering red brick warehouse, from which they are ingeniously conveyed to the base, where it is induced under persuasive pressure to yield up its valuable oil. The method is very simple in principle. The seed is first thoroughly freed from all dirt and dust, a powerful magnet during this process extracting any metallic impurities. It is then conveyed into vast kettles, where it is thoroughly cooked. When that is done it proceeds on its journey into great hydraulic presses, where the oil is thoroughly squeezed out. The Levers want the oil; farmers eagerly buy the cake that remains in the familiar oblong shape to fatten their cattle on. Thus do commerce and agriculture meet. The two things are not antagonistic at all, as the fiery disputants of an earlier day were pleased to argue. They are inter-dependent. The extracted oil is then pumped into tanks, where it is thoroughly purified, and after that it is stored in a series of vast cisterns, that look exactly like gasometers to the visitor. The residue which will not purify is converted into pitch, and that, again, is sold to the electric companies, to be used as insulating material; so that when the Levers telegraph to Sydney the cables might possibly have been protected by this very product which they manufactured at Port Sunlight.

And they are in constant touch with Sydney, for it is there they get their cocoa-nut oil from, Australasia and the South Seas gaining the benefit which falls to Egypt in the case of cotton-seed. The romance of the South Seas has been brought home vividly to us of late by a series of writers, of whom Mr. Louis Becke is one of the best known. The cocoa-nut is the commercial basis of the beautiful islands, just as it is one of the pleasures of the Londoner on Hampstead Heath. The natives of Polynesia gather the nuts, crack them, and maidens of the Happy Isles take out the white part, or "copra," and dry it carefully in the sun, so that it may be converted into Sunlight thousands of miles away. A little fleet of handy trading vessels sails from isle to isle, collecting the copra (which is the coin of those realms) in exchange for the products of civilisation which they require. Thus, Polynesia having been satisfied, the laden fleet sails for Sydney, where the Levers have erected great crushing-mills on White Bay, Balmain. The vessels moor by a spacious pier 160 ft. long, and unload their cargoes into the mills, which cover five acres and are equipped with the very best machinery. The process of extraction is somewhat similar to that used for the cotton-seed at Port Sunlight. The oil is stored in two enormous tanks five-and-twenty feet in diameter, and each capable of holding 80,000 gallons—that is, from 300 to 320 tons—of oil. It is then drawn off into casks—which are made on the premises from Tasmanian blackwood slabs—and brought to England by the Levers' own steamers, to be used in the manufacture of the soap which will yet find its way back to Australia as to the uttermost corners of the earth.

Then the company has a huge mill at Vicksburg, on the banks of the Mississippi, where the cotton-seed grown in that fertile region is crushed. This mill can turn out over two hundred tons daily, and employs a perfect army of helpers and servers of every kind, from engineers to coopers and sailors, and of every shade and tongue.

The raw cotton-seed or copra in all these mills is almost exclusively handled by machinery, so that the seed is scarcely touched by hand from the time it is unloaded until it is manufactured into cake; and yet hundreds of people are engaged in the different centres.

Thus you will see we have only started with the constituents of soap to find Egypt, Australia, Tasmania, and the South Seas being the gainers thereby, to say nothing of America.

Think how infinitely greater its ranks become before you have landed into Port Sunlight the crude products of the manufactured articles for which it is famous. Let us pass rapidly to the combining point of all this effort—the actual art of soap-boiling. This process is conducted in a vast room, and situated in the block which is the nucleus of the fifty-five acres that contain the actual works. There you see eighty-four huge pans, fourteen feet deep, each capable of holding sixty tons of liquid soap; and they bubble and foam and surge sullenly as if the antagonistic elements in each—the oils and the alkalies—were struggling to retain their characteristics before entering into the chemical unity which makes them soap. And yet the smell is not offensive, as it often is in such circumstances, for here the ingredients are of the purest: that is why every year sees the number of the pans increased to meet the market. When the boiling is accomplished, the soap is run from the pans above to an enormous array of iron boxes (or frames) in a room below, where it cools its troubled spirit. The sides of the boxes are then removed, and the solid blocks of soap remain, row on row, waiting to be cut on the same floor into slabs and then into bars—a very interesting process. To watch the ingenious machinery stamp each tablet, to see the nimble fingers of the girls perform the packing into paper at lightning speed, is an object-lesson in modern activity which no mere written description can really present in all its vividness.

It is needless to point out here the valuable quality of the soap. It is made, as we have said, from the purest material; uncombined alkali is quite absent from it, its percentage of water is low, while its detergent qualities are high, and it has no free alkali or unsaponified fats. All this is ensured by constantly testing. In the laboratory, which is like a big technical school, every one of the raw products is put to a searching examination. Every cask of oil is tested. Every vat of soap during the process of boiling comes twice under the analyst's eye, and he has it through his hands again in the cold state. So it is checked at every conceivable point, and nothing of an inferior quality can leave the place.

Though Sunlight still remains their staple product, the Levers manufacture between thirty and forty different kinds of household soap in their works to suit different markets. One of the best known is Lifebuoy Soap, which, being impregnated with carbolic acid, is a most effective disinfectant, as everybody knows. Quite recently, however, a new brand has been added, of which a great deal more will be heard yet. This is toilet soap.

Soap is manipulated for the toilet entirely by what is called the milling process. You start with a bar of the purest white soap you can get. In order to expel from it the slightest suspicion of moisture, it must be shredded by machinery into tiny pieces. These are dried by hot air in a sort of oven, so that they emerge perfectly dry. The particles are then ready for the perfumer and colourist. Placing these in deep zinc trays, he adds a few drops of the required scent, then some drops of the necessary colouring pigment, and stirs the mass up with a big wooden ladle, so that the whole becomes thoroughly mixed. The mass is then put through another machine, and comes out in long shreds, like so many beautiful coloured ribbons, light as air to the touch. It is then transferred to another machine, which converts it back into the solid by means of an Archimedean screw, which jams all the particles into a solid mass. It is fascinating to watch the lad feeding the top of the machine (which in shape is like a sausage-machine) with the shreds and particles, and then to see the solid bar emerge at the mouth. It moves slowly along, and would continue its course *ad infinitum* did not a boy stand at the mouth and bring down a little knife at stated intervals, which cuts the bar into equal lengths, and then it comes to the stamper. He sits before the die which he works by hand; if the stamping were done automatically each tablet would have to be shot out, and this would damage its surface here and there, flattening this corner and chipping the next. No; it must be done by hand to be done well. Moving a horizontal wheel above him, the boy brings the die down, and then by another turn the other way relieves the tablet, which comes out smooth and clean. A companion boy packs the tablets in a box, which is ultimately taken to another room, where the rough edges are smoothed down by a bevy of pinafored maids, while another set pack them in pretty coloured wrappers, ready for your toilet-table.

It all looks so very simple in the end; but how many centuries have been spent in perfecting the art! Even the Romans, who made Chester, which is not far from Port Sunlight, knew not soap; and the beautiful women of Greece were still farther away from it. But the Levers have all that the world had learned at their disposal—the failures and the successes of past generations and the experience of themselves, to develop the art of the toilet. That is why they must succeed here too. Although they have entered on this branch only recently, the machinery they have laid down is insufficient to meet the demands which the public are laying on them, and already extension is demanded. A visit to this department is full of interest, for everything is beautifully sweet and clean—the floors are made of wood blocks—and the air is laden with sweet scents. Perhaps, too, the polite manager will open the great safe in his spacious laboratory, in which he locks up the more precious perfumes. Here is a tiny hermetically sealed bottle with a pale liquid that cost £40; there a great horn full of paste which he can transform into marvellous bouquets; while round shelves of the room itself are ranged big bottles with divers-hued liquids, which would require a very skilled chemist to name.

We have said that the capacity of the works at Port Sunlight is 2400 tons a week; but to the lay reader the figures mean little. But you will understand clearly what this means, you will grasp the magnitude of the operations carried on, when you glance at some side aspects of the works. Take, for instance, the mere labels which are used and the pamphlets which are circulated. Why, the printing department alone is as big as many an illustrated weekly's premises. The "composing" is done in the glass-enclosed gallery—for all the works are most ingeniously devised—of a large hall, on the floor of which a score of machines are whirring. One great rotary prints 24,000 pamphlets of thirty-two pages each every hour of the working day (which is but eight hours long). Others spin out 80,000 wrappers per hour; several others turn out double-coloured labels like magic. Certain it is that few London offices have such a polyglot part to play, for Sunlight literature of one kind or another is printed in thirty different languages. It is easy to understand Sunlight *Savone*, or *Seife*, or even *Jabon Luz del Sol*, but when it comes to Arabic and Russian characters, the imagination stops. The almanack of the firm alone is so widely distributed that the 1899 issue has been in progress on the machines for many months past. In another gallery over a score of stitching-machines are at work for very life. This will give you some idea of what is the enormous sale of these soaps.

In another department you will see the manufacture of card boxes by the thousand, while the joiners' shop and wood-box factory is a perfect marvel. The wood comes prepared from Norway in short pieces ready for use. First you find machines painting the wood in two colours. The four sides are then morticed by machinery, and in a moment you see a boy place the four sides in a frame which crushes, and the box is ready. Thousands of boxes are made every day in the works, being transferred immediately to the packing-rooms on endless chains. The polyglotism of their superscriptions is bewildering, but who shall try to account for all the different uses they are put to in every corner of the world when they are empty?

We have already referred to the laboratory. Besides testing the raw products and the manufactured soap, the chemists employed here also deal carefully with the glycerine which is recovered from the leys. Long ago soap-boilers used to let the glycerine pass away as waste; but the days of such prodigality have gone, and now glycerine is one of the most valuable by-products of soap-making. "Waste not, want not"—that is one of the mottoes by which the Levers have lived and learned how to grow rich.

Again, there is the counting-house, where a hundred and seventy-five clerks are employed. They are accommodated in a very handsome hall. On one side are ranged the rooms of the heads of the firm, on the other the heads of departments are accommodated, these rooms looking on to the central office. Few banks are better equipped. At present there are sub-offices in London, Hamburg, Brussels, Rotterdam, Sydney, Toronto, and New York, and shortly all the principal towns in the United Kingdom will be similarly equipped.

Equally indicative of the enormous business done are the arrangements for facilitating transport. Not only are there docks, affording water communication to Liverpool, Birkenhead, and Garston Docks, to chemical works at Widnes, St. Helens, and Runcorn, to the salt-works at Northwich, and to the Manchester Ship Canal, but there are railway-sidings connecting the works with the London and North-Western and Great Western joint lines. No man who knows the Thames needs to be told of the huge bonded warehouse at Paul's Wharf, Upper Thames Street, where you will see barges laden with boxes of soap all day long.

We have said that Port Sunlight has laid its foundations on the quality of its productions. We must add heart as well, for the Levers have lifted to a high level the lives of the people who have helped them to acquire wealth. Not only is the work in the great factory conducted under the best conditions, free from the usual disagreeable character of such operations, which make the ordinary soap-works a terror to a neighbourhood, but the Levers have built the prettiest little town we have ever seen to shelter their workers. The ingenuity of the architecture and its variety are probably unequalled in any similar area in the country, so that Port Sunlight, in point of its appearance, fully justifies its ambitious name. There are no fewer than two hundred and seventy-eight cottages in the town, illustrating, as such an ancient county as Cheshire should do, the best that Old English architecture stood for. There is nothing of that abomination, the model dwelling, in them. They are beautiful—some half-timbered—two of them are actually reproductions of Shakespeare's cottage at Stratford-on-Avon, with quaint nooks and corners, and fascinating gables. Each cottage has a pretty lawn, while on an adjacent strip of land there are neat kitchen-gardens, for which the Levers supply water free. The rents vary from three shillings to five or six shillings a week, and there are no taxes. The streets realise on a small scale the ideal Continental boulevard, bordered with elm and chestnut trees.

The children of the town are educated in the charming schools, which delight the eye after the repulsive yellow brick barracks that the London School Board scholar is penned up in. The schools are self-supporting, and accommodate five hundred little Sunlights. The central hall, off which the class-rooms run, is converted into a church every Sunday, and different clergymen conduct worship in it.

When the girls grow up and go into the works, they do not cease to be connected with the educational aspects of the town, for they have a spacious institute of their own, where they are taught cookery, dressmaking, shorthand, and other things. The sewing class enables the girls to make their own clothes. They also have a reading-room, and an excellent restaurant where hot dinners are served at from a penny to fourpence. The men have equal privileges. They have, to begin with, the great hall, named after Mr. Gladstone, who opened it in 1891. Beside the lecture-room, there is a large kitchen, where the workers can get their dinners cooked. Across the road the Men's Club can give you a game of bowls, while there also is a billiard-room. The village stores are also run by the community. The town includes two substantial bridges: one crosses a beautiful strip of garden or valley; the other, Victoria Bridge, a costly structure, which was opened in July 1897 by the Hon. G. H. Reid, Premier of New South Wales, spans a tributary of the Mersey.

Much has been done, and yet the place is only in its first youth. Where will it end? That would be hard to say, because their soap will always be in demand, and the best types of it will cap the market.

1. Bridge Street.
2. The Stores.
3. Bolton Road.
4. Park Road.
5. The Pavilion and Bowling-Green.

PORT SUNLIGHT.

6. The Schools.
7. Interior of the Schools.
8. River Side.
9. The Post Office.
10. Gladstone Hall.

LADIES' PAGE.

Who says Fashion is fickle? Has she not steadfastly reverted autumn after autumn, for now uncountable seasons, to the same type of "coat and skirt"? While short, curly-edged basques struggle with long cut-away tails for supremacy in the more "dressy" autumn fashions, we are faithful in our adhesion to the long-established models for ordinary walking-costumes of the tailor-made order. The "reefer" and the "Chesterfield" coats hold their own thoroughly. Were it not for the altered size of the sleeves, you might still wear your coat of the winter before last. These plain and simple "coat-and-skirt" costumes are the most neat and trim style for autumn walks, and look smart if well cut. The ever-useful serge constructs them to perfection; or covert coatings, mostly in subdued mixtures, of which the Lovat (blue and dark green, the latter the predominant shade) is the favourite; or smooth Venetian or Amazon cloths are well employed; braid in straight rows or simple designs being used for decoration. At least one such gown in the wardrobe is invaluable, and we may begin to hope will be a permanent possibility.

But Fashion indulgently offers plenty of possibility for change in the construction of a second tailor-dress. There are short jacket-bodices of either the Eton or zouave type, to wear over blouses, or over specially built fronts placed on sleeveless fitting linings in order to accommodate also a belt, which will show under the edge of the little coat, cut off short above the waist-line at the back as these loose coats are. Those jacket-bodices which are rounded away at the front are of the zouave order: the Eton has the straight and angular cut at the corners. In both cases, the back is sloped in to the figure by the under-arm seam, and is not rigidly tight-fitting there. The mess-jacket shape—a tiny point at the back, and cut correspondingly at each side of the front—is another alternative. Slim young women look well in these short, semi-fitting styles, and the easy changes of vest and waistband give pleasing possibilities of variety to suit different occasions. Then there are the little jacket-bodices cut to fit close, and just turn the waist by four or five inches, and scalloped out round the edges; these generally are open down the centre, and fall a little pouched at the exact front, revealing a frilled or other dainty narrow vest. A purple Venetian cloth bodice of this order, for instance, opened over a narrow vest of ivory satin, draped with guipure and decorated with diamond buttons.

Then, again, there are the long-tailed or "spoon-back" coats, sloping away from the front below the waist to be very long at the back, and buttoning down the middle of the figure up to the revers and tiny three-cornered vest, or, perhaps, right up to the top, the plain collar to be covered with a feather boa for outdoor wear, and a lace scarf or satin "stock" tie indoors. These coats are not altogether easy to cut; the full flounce-like lower part is on the *godet* principle—cut in one piece, rounded and unseamed, out of wide cloth—and this needs a skilled hand. But properly made, they are very smart and new, and perhaps this is the most favourable style of the moment for the matronly figure. Fashion is never very kind to that fatal *embonpoint* below the waist; but the worst way of all to dress for that is a sheath-like, tight outlining of the actual form. Any fullness is favourable, because it gives the illusion that the size results in part from the folds of the fabric, and further these are graceful, instead of showing the hard outline of the corset pulled tightly on the too stout figure. Plain cloth coats (short basqued) are to be worn with plaid or fancy tweed skirts, the colours harmonising. The little scarlet coats look best with black skirts.

A TEA-GOWN OF CHIFFON AND SATIN.

"Diamonds," in the shape of buttons, buckles, and brooches, are profusely used as trimmings on the softer order of indoor or visiting frocks. Strass, which has the advantage of shining and yet not pretending to be what it is not, and steel cut till it glitters, happily lighten many a dark velvet rosette or half-revealed bow. Crystal buttons are used in all shapes and sizes, often not fastening anything, but merely decorating—as, for example, two barrel-shaped ones placed on either side of the waist of a short-basqued grey cloth coat, opening over a yellow silk vest barred with white lace, each bar centred with a tiny rosette of grey velvet and a crystal button in its midst.

Ruchings of ribbon continue to be a very popular trimming for dresses, and the consequent need is met by the manufacture of ribbons of various widths, already provided with a draw-thread at one edge or both edges, or down the centre: thus it can be drawn up much or little, as preferred. A pretty model recently seen was of red face-cloth trimmed with black satin ribbon, placed in a plain Greek key design up the front of the skirt, ruched down the back of the sleeves and round the collar, and in four straps on the yoke, the plain ungathered ribbon being flatly laid from the bust to the waist, sloping well in to the shape of the figure. Ruching of ribbon is also much used on skirts, and on those of the lighter order, such as dinner and demi-toilet gowns of net, silk, grenadine, or lace, even more than on thicker ones.

Very great inconvenience is, I hear, constantly arising to ladies returning from the Continent by reason of the existence of a new order, which is as yet not sufficiently widely understood, that no dog may be now brought into England off the boat unless the owner is provided with a permit previously obtained from the Board of Agriculture. Ladies arriving at Dover or Folkestone with the most valuable of tiny dogs are astounded to find themselves abruptly forbidden to bring their pets ashore. The captain can do nothing with the dog, and unless the lady pleases to return with it herself to the Continent, it is hard to say what can become of it, except being consigned to a watery grave, and that means not only a serious trial to the affections, but also very often an absurdly heavy pecuniary loss. A Yorkshire terrier, properly coloured

HAMPTON & SONS Ltd.

Decorators, Furnishers, Sanitary and Electrical Engineers.

HAMPTON & SONS. LTD.

NEW CATALOGUES SENT FREE.

For the most satisfactory means of Furnishing throughout in best manner at any degree of cost, see Hampton & Sons' extensive and unrivalled Stocks of all the latest and most tasteful productions in

Decorations,

Furniture,

Carpets,

Fabrics,

Fine Arts.

ORIGINAL SCHEMES FOR THE DECORATING AND FURNISHING OF ENTIRE HOUSES OR SINGLE ROOMS IN ANY OF THE TRADITIONAL STYLES OR IN THE BEST MODERN MANNER, DESIGNED BY ARTISTS AND EXECUTED BY MASTER CRAFTSMEN AT COMPETITIVE ESTIMATE-PRICES.

SUGGESTIVE SCHEMES AND ESTIMATES FREE.

CARRIAGE PAID TO ANY RAILWAY STATION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM ON PURCHASES OVER 20/-

PALL MALL EAST, S.W.

WORKS: BELVEDERE ROAD, S.E.

Corner of a Boudoir in a Town House, recently Decorated and Furnished throughout by HAMPTON & SONS.

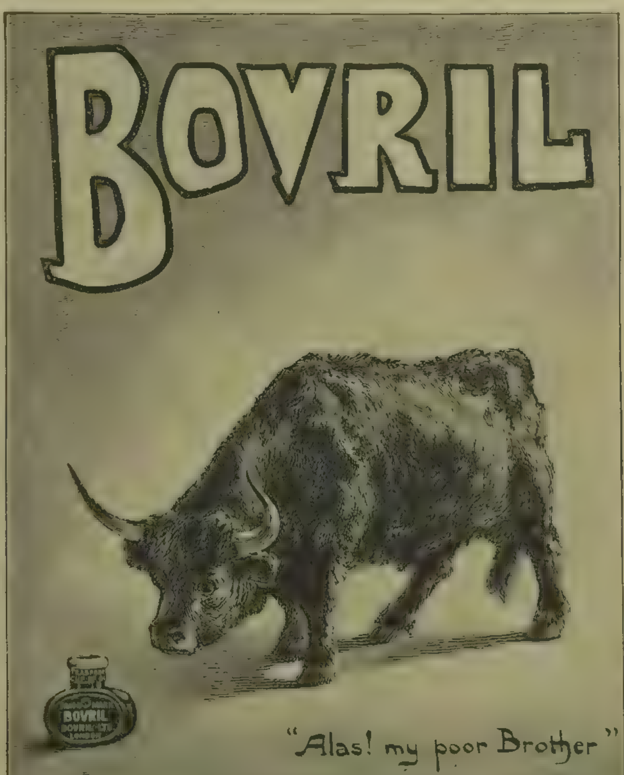
Special Notice.

Hampton & Sons' New Carpet Catalogue Now Ready.

In Hampton and Sons' New Carpet Catalogue the colourings, designs, and general effects of the latest productions in every make of British and Foreign Carpets are reproduced with quite marvellous accuracy by the new coloured photography.

Every one who purposes buying Carpets should, before doing so, not only see this most remarkable Carpet Catalogue, but should also not fail to examine and compare with the best values elsewhere obtainable. Hampton and Sons' new Carpets for the Autumn Season now on view in their Showrooms, and comprising the choicest productions at the lowest competitive prices in London. Patterns free.

BOOK SENT FREE.



Strength Storage.

Just as compressed air or electricity is stored up within the smallest limit to supply the motive power of the autocar, so potential strength is stored up in Bovril in the smallest possible bulk to supply the vital forces of the body.

Bovril is pure nourishment in the most concentrated form. To produce a pound of it no less than forty pounds of the best parts of the primest beef are used. It is, indeed, the vital principle of prime ox beef.

Bovril is prepared by a process which ensures the retention not only of the nourishing but the stimulating properties of prime beef, thereby differing from ordinary fluid extracts of beef or meat extracts, which merely stimulate without nourishing.

Bovril is relished by delicate persons and invalids when other foods either repel or are injudicious. It sustains and strengthens, enriches the blood, makes flesh and bone, and rapidly leads through convalescence to complete recovery.

Bovril is always at the right hand of every clever cook because it makes the most savoury sauces and gravies, and adds piquancy and nourishment to all kinds of entrées.

and weighing not more than four or five pounds, is worth at least £20 or £30 hard cash. It will be an act of kindness to make known here to ladies what steps they must take in order to be able to bring their dogs back home. As [illegible] possible (in no case under ten days) before returning, a special letter must be sent to the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, Whitehall Place, London, stating the country from which the dog is to be brought, the port at which it is intended to land it, and the address of a place to which the owner undertakes to remove the dog immediately on its landing in England, and where it shall be engaged to keep the animal under close supervision for a period of ninety days. It should be particularly noticed that an hotel will not be regarded as a suitable place for such detention, but the owner's residence or private lodgings will be permitted. Further, the application must contain a full description of the dog, so that it can be easily identified; breed, sex, age, colour. A form of application can be obtained; but if all these particulars, together with the name and address of the person who will be the responsible owner of the dog during its ninety days of British quarantine, be supplied in a letter, that will suffice. A signed undertaking must, however, be added that the owner will carry out all the conditions imposed in the license, which, if granted, will be sent over to the traveller at the address given by her.

At the recent Grocers' Exhibition, held at the London Agricultural Hall, the tasteful arrangement of the stand on which were Bird's Custard Powder exhibits attracted attention, harmonising admirably with the character of the articles displayed. [illegible] from "Bird's Home Specialities," custard-powder, blanc-mange-powder, egg-powder, baking-powder, and crystal-jelly powder. The object was, of course, to illustrate the value and resources of each of the articles in the making of a great variety of sweets, some of them so elaborate as to be suitable for every occasion.

FILOMENA.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

H D O'Bernard (Combe Raleigh).—Your problem strikes us at first sight [illegible], but we will give it further consideration. As regards the [illegible], we should think the attempt to preserve the Pawn, as in most [illegible], a waste of time, and would recommend Black to play P to B 3rd [illegible].

R Nugent (Southwold).—We have to go to press rather early in the week, and it must frequently happen that acknowledgments of correct solutions make a rather tardy appearance.

F Gilbert (Billinghay, Lincoln).—We are not aware of such a book, neither has one on the subject been brought under our notice.

H J M (Primrose Hill).—Such elementary questions as yours can best be answered by a text-book, which we advise you to get without delay, if you want to make progress in the game.

S R Simmonds (Stratford).—There may be a collection of the games published later on, but we have not yet seen it advertised.

R S Hunter (Canterbury).—Opinions must nearly always differ about the merit of any particular game, and we regret you do not approve of our selection. Possibly, as you say you have devoted nearly twelve months to the game, you are the [illegible].

E Marshall.—No. We do not think the mass of our solvers would care to adopt your suggestion. Your solutions are always acknowledged when correct.

Many Correspondents have sent a wrong solution to 2841, as they have all overlooked the defence of Q takes B.

Correct Solution of Problem No. [illegible] (by W Biddle) received from C A M (Penang); of No. [illegible] from Nikhilnath Maitra [illegible] and Maurice Soloman [illegible] [illegible] Great Yarmouth, C E M (Glasgow), Albert Wolff (Putney), E G Boys, G H Bowden (Reigate), J D Tucker (Ilkley), Professor Carl Wagner (Vienna), and F Gordon (Devonport).

Correct Solutions of Problem No. [illegible] received from S Davis [illegible], J D Tucker [illegible], Professor Carl Wagner [illegible], H S Brandreth (Montreux), [illegible] Reigate), H Le Jeune, E Way (Streatham), T Roberts, [illegible], Alpha, J Bailey (Newark), Miss H Marsland (Bowdon), C M O [illegible], F Hooper (Putney), W R B (Clifton), L Penfold, George Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), E Marshall (Dulwich), F J Candy (Norwood), C M A B, J Hall, F Norton (Hornsey), R Worters (Canterbury), Thomas H Weatherley, F R Pickering, Albert Wolff (Putney), W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), John M Moorat (Dedham), and A F P (Chiddingfold).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2839.—By the Rev. F. J. Middlemist.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to Kt 2nd	K takes Kt
2. K to K 6th	K to B 6th
3. Kt to K sq, Mate.	

If Black play 1. P to K 4th; 2. Kt to Q 6th (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 2843.—By T. D. Clarke (Merino, Australia).

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

For Boys and Girls Learning to Paint.

THE

ELLIMAN PAINTING BOOK

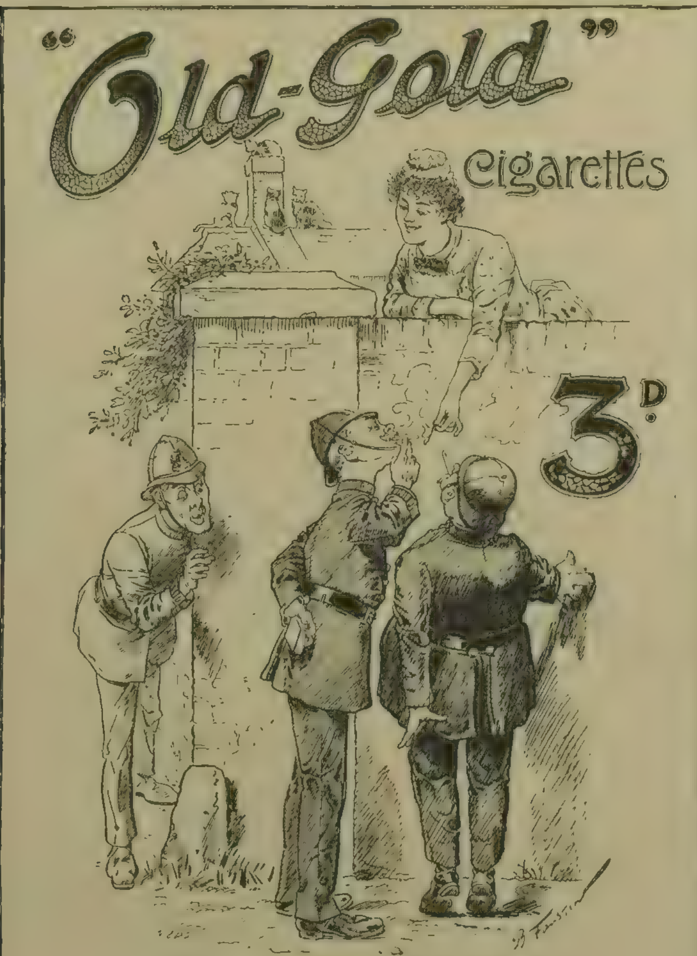
Nine Coloured Hunting Scenes, and Nine Black and White Copies of them to Colour.

SEND STAMPS TO VALUE OF SIXPENCE.

Write your own Address in full quite plainly.

Published by **ELLIMAN, SONS & CO., SLOUGH, ENGLAND.**

Estate Department: Auctions and Private Sales, Valuations, Lettings, Surveys, Repairs, and Decorations.



.ONLY THREE COPPERS.

NOT MERELY A TONIC,

BUT A REAL NUTRIENT,

IS

MELLIN'S COD LIVER OIL EMULSION

for it not only stimulates the functions, but actually builds up the body and increases the ability to take other nutriment.

To be obtained of all Chemists—1/- per bottle.

MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, PECKHAM, S.E.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 14, 1898) of Mr. Woolf Joel, of 44, Upper Brook Street, and of Messrs. Barnato Brothers, 10 and 11, Austin Friars, who was killed at Johannesburg on March 14, was proved in London on Sept. 30 by Jack Barnato Joel and Solomon Joel, the brothers and executors, the value of the estate being £1,228,659 18s. 5d., as far as can at present be ascertained. The testator gives £250,000, upon trust, for his son, Geoffrey Joel Joel; his house, 44, Upper Brook Street, with furniture, plate, pictures, etc., therein, carriages and horses, and an annuity of £2000, to Mrs. Joel, these benefits to be in addition to the securities he has purchased for her in his lifetime; an annuity of £2000 to his mother, Mrs. Kate Joel; annuities of £250 each to his aunts, Mrs. Elizabeth Nathan and Mrs. Sarah Rantzen; £2000 each to his cousins, Katie and Woolf Rantzen; and £500 each to the other children of his aunt Mrs. Rantzen. Out of his share and interest in Barnato Brothers, three separate sums of £250,000, and the profits arising therefrom, are to be held, upon trust, for the three children of his late uncle, Barnett Isaac Barnato—namely, Leah Primrose Barnato, Isaac Henry Woolf Barnato, and Joel Woolf Barnato. He bequeaths £25,000 to his executors, to be applied by them for such charitable purposes in England as they in their discretion shall think fit. The residue of his property he leaves to his two brothers, share and share alike.

The will (dated Dec. 29, 1897) of Mr. George Furley, of Baston Lodge, Canterbury, banker, who died on Aug. 27, was proved on Sept. 29 by John McMaster and Walter Furley, the nephew, the executors, the value of the estate being £66,824, and the net personal £50,734. The testator gives Baston Lodge, with the furniture and household effects therein, and £3500, to his daughter, Agnes Furley; a policy of insurance for £1000 to his son Henry Furley, and £5000 to the trustees of his marriage settlement; £100 each to his executors; £50 to his man, Edward Hopkins; £30 to his servant, Elizabeth Curry; and £50 to Anne Maria Rose. The residue of his property he leaves in equal shares between his two children; but £10,000, part of the share of his son, is to be held, upon trust, for him for life, and then for his children.

The will (dated Sept. 7, 1891), with a codicil (dated Sept. 21, 1894), of Mr. Henry Mere Ormerod, of Upper Park Road, Broughton, Salford, formerly of 5, Clarence Street, Manchester, solicitor, who died on June 26, was proved at the Manchester District Registry on Sept. 26 by Charles Royle Allen and the Rev. Robert Miles Stapylton, the executors, the value of the estate being £48,993, and the net personal £38,746. The testator devises four freehold houses in Broughton Park to his stepson, the Rev. R. M. Stapylton; and chief rents amounting to £219, arising out of land at Bolton-le-Moors and Pin Mill Brow, Ardwick, Lancashire, to his nephew, Joseph Arderne Ormerod. He bequeaths £3000 each to his stepdaughters Olive Harriet Stapylton and Mary Ursula Thorley; £3000 to the Rev. R. M. Stapylton; £2000 to his sister-in-law, Maria Ormerod; £100 each to his sisters; £200 each to the children of his late brothers, Archdeacon Thomas Ormerod and Edward Ormerod; and legacies to executors and servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephew, Joseph Arderne Ormerod.

The will (dated Nov. 12, 1896) of Mr. Beckford Bevan, of Bury St. Edmunds, a partner in the banking business of Oakes, Bevan, and Co., who died on July 6, has been proved in the Bury St. Edmunds District Registry by Algernon Beckford Bevan, the son, and John Wollaston Greene, the executors, the value of the estate being £38,698. The testator appoints the funds of his marriage settlement to his daughters, and gives to them the proceeds of a policy of insurance on his life in the Alliance Office. He nominates his son to his share in the bank, and bequeaths to him his portion of the capital and reserve fund therein; but certain money standing to his credit, distinguished by the letter A, is to be applied in augmenting the payment by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners of an assistant curate at St. John's Church, Bury St. Edmunds. The late Mr. Bevan also gives his shares in the Church Schools Company, and also those in the name of his daughter, to the directors thereof, in aid of the poorer schools. Subject to the covenant to pay £3000 to the trustees of the marriage settlement of his son, he leaves all the residue of his property between his children.

The will (dated May 4, 1892), with a codicil (dated Sept. 26, 1895), of Colonel James Stilwell, of 1, Victoria Park, Dover, Registrar to Lord Salisbury as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, and one of the oldest Volunteer officers in Kent, who died on May 22, has been proved by

Mrs. Sarah Ann Stilwell, the widow, and James Frederick Stilwell, the son, the executors, the value of the estate being £37,759. The testator bequeaths his share and interest in the property of the late Mrs. Jane Gunning to his son James Frederick; £200 to his clerk, John Spain, and £1500 to his son John Ernest, in addition to what he has already given him. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated Jan. 22, 1895), with a codicil (dated May 12, 1898), of Sir John Cass, of Maylands, Heaton, Bradford, who died on May 18, was proved at the Wakefield District Registry on Sept. 12 by Sir Weetman Dickinson Pearson, Bart., the son-in-law, Miss Arabella Cass, the daughter, and Bernard Croft Cass, the son, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £20,170. The testator bequeaths an annuity of £500 and the use for life of Maylands, with the furniture and effects therein, to his wife. At her decease he gives Maylands, with the furniture, etc., to his daughter Arabella. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between all his children and the issue of any deceased child.

The Irish probate of the will (dated June 23, 1897) of Mr. Robert Alexander Simms, of Ballymena, Antrim, who died on March 24 last, granted to William Hanna Simms, the brother, and Andrew Smyth, the executors, was resealed in London on Oct. 1, the value of the estate in England and Ireland being £13,196. The testator bequeaths £100 each to his executors, and £500 to his sister Elizabeth. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife, Martha Simms, and his daughter, May Simms, in equal shares.

The will of Mrs. Emily Davidson, of 28, Prince's Square, W., who died on Aug. 4, was proved on Sept. 28 by Arthur Charles Davidson and Alan Herbert Davidson, the sons and executors, the value of the estate being £4645 9s. 4d.

The will of Miss Dulcibella Mary Sparling, of York House, Colville Square, W., and 99 and 100, Capel Street, Dublin, who died on Aug. 28, was proved on Oct. 1 by Mrs. Caroline Sophia Macdonald, the sister and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £1269.

At a meeting of the Dundee Presbytery of the Established Church, the Czar's peace proposals were ridiculed. The Czar was spoken of as a most amiable, well-meaning young man, but simply a puppet, pulled by the strings held in the hands of the system in which Count Muravieff prevailed. One minister said if any single nation were to disarm, then it would be proclaimed to the world as an unresisting prey to the rest of mankind, and, like the deer, would be a victim of the fangs of the wolf and the tiger. The fact was that the Czar's proposals, though emanating from a good heart, were, in his judgment, not wise and were impracticable. It was resolved by a very large majority to express no sympathy with the Czar's manifesto.

Whenever a fugitive criminal escapes arrest, people who write to the newspapers begin with the question, "Where are the police?" and end by asking, "Where are the bloodhounds?" We know where the bloodhounds were one day last week, at any rate. They were on a Yorkshire moor overlooking Robin Hood's Bay, and with them were Sir Charles Legard and a number of breeders and experts, bent on testing the tracking qualities of this possible auxiliary of the police force. The results were not very encouraging; for while it was shown that the hounds could follow closely on the heels of a fugitive, it was also proved that the least crossing of the trail put this new Bow Street runner hopelessly off the scent.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The recent dance in the West-End for the purpose of raising f inds for a mission in the East-End turned out a failure, only a miserable surplus being available after defraying the expenses of the festivities. A Church paper comments severely on the business, and pictures "St. Paul organising a dance among the foolish Galatians for the benefit of the poor saints at Jerusalem."

At Castletown, in Lancashire, a lottery has been started to keep out a Board school by providing funds for a Voluntary school. Holders of halfpenny tickets can compete for prizes, including a load of coals, flour, potatoes, a fat goose, and two dozen bottles of beer.

At Romford, the other day, a notification was handed in to the local School Board, signed by the parents of more than a hundred children, requesting that the said children might attend at St. John's Church from 9 to 9.30, in order to receive religious instruction. At Northampton a number of Dissenting parents have asked and obtained leave to withdraw their children from religious teaching in the parochial schools. There are many signs that ultimately religious instruction will have to be undertaken by the various Churches and denominations.

Sir Wyke Bayliss still continues to insist that the likeness of Christ must stand or fall with Christianity. He says: "If the likeness is not authentic, it is misleading, and the Church, in holding it before our eyes these nineteen centuries, has been inviting us to believe in and to anticipate the second appearance of a personality which we shall not only never see, but which never had any existence." This passage would supply materials for very useful lessons in logic.

The Vicar of Skegby was conducting a marriage where the bride was a regular attendant at Sunday school. When she was asked, "Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband?" she replied, "Yes, verily, by God's help, so I will; and I heartily thank our heavenly Father who hath brought me into this state of salvation."

The *Church Times* correspondent says that the programme of the Church Congress was deliberately constructed on Broad Church principles, and that what drew the loudest cheers from the different meetings was a denunciation of Popery and a eulogy of the Reformation.

Principal Fairbairn, of Oxford, has gone to India to deliver lectures on Christianity in the principal cities. At a farewell dinner given to him at the Holborn Restaurant, Professor Bryce presided, and many distinguished men were present. Professor Bryce said that no one had done more than Principal Fairbairn to disprove the idea that learning and Nonconformity did not go together. Among the speakers was Ian Maclaren.

The *Guardian* reports that the result of the reduction of its price has increased the circulation beyond the most sanguine estimate of the conductors.

V.